UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

And Chronicle.

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THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST.

THE REQUIEM.

[The following is the production of a lad twelve years of age—a scholar in the High School in this city. It needs no other introduction—perhaps not even this.]

Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When he is gone, when he is gone,—
Smile if the slow tolling bell you should hear,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

Weep not for him when you stand round his grave,
Think who has died, his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

Plant ye a tree which may wave o'er him free,
When he is gone, when he is gone.
Sing ye a song if his grave you should see,
When he is gone, when he is gone.

Come at the close of a bright summer's day,
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray,
Come and rejoice that he thus passed away,
When he is gone, when he is gone. H

Original Novellette.

JONCE SMILEY;

The Boy Who Had No Friends.

CONTINUED.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY EZEKIEL JONES, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "TRUSTING APPEARANCES;" "KITTY CLARK, OR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT;" "THREE FOOLS IN A FAMILY."

CHAPTER FIFTH.

IN WHICH JONCE FINDS THE LARGEST LIBERTY TOO LARGE FOR CONVENIENCE; AND IS GLAD TO FIND SHELTER WITH LESS LIBERTY AND MORE COMFORT; AND IN WHICH, ALSO THE DEACON FINDS HIS LEGS.

Jonce, in his escape from fancied dangers, as recorded in the last chapter, ran as long as his limbs would support him, fancying at every step that he heard people in pursuit, or that he heard his mother, the Deacon, and the Emigrant shouting after him to come back. It is a singular fact that though a boy may feel that he is out of sight and out of reach of the persons calling, he cannot feel safe while he hears their voices; being conscious of a sort of fascination which he fears may carry him back within the reach of the arm from which he has removed himself. A curious fact though this be, it is a fact nevertheless; as you reader may chance to remember, unless you were one of the white hen's chickens, and never heard cackle imperative, being always summoned by a coaxative cluck. Leaving this point to be settled by some of the 'ists who are going up and down the earth in search of matter for theory, we will return to the wanderings of Master Jonathan Smiley.

When he could run no longer, he was saved the trouble of deciding what he would next do, by the giving out of his legs, and their utter refusal to bear him farther. He sank down in fatigue and complete exhaustion; and in the prostration of mind and body which naturally followed his almost superhuman exertions, he first cried—and then went to sleep. He had a long and hideous dream. He fancied that, for some imputed misdemeanor, he was pursued—caught—and tied to a tree. He felt the cords with which he was bound press upon his limbs until they ached, and he would have kicked but could not, for his feet were tied. He heard the crack of the whip with which Peltiah Perkins was preparing to torment him, and—awoke. As he rubbed his eyes, he could hardly persuade himself, so fearfully distinct had been the scene, that it was but a dream; and he lay long, motionless, before he could reconcile what had seemed so terribly like the truth, with the solitude which reigned around him.

But the unfortunate boy was not alone. The eye which never sleeps had watched—the Providence which never tires had guarded his slumbers. Little recked he the imminent danger through which he had passed, as safely as unconsciously. The basilisk eye of that terror of the American forest—the rattle-snake—disturbed by his intrusion upon the reptile's domain—had glistened in vain upon the drowsy boy, and he had sunk quietly to sleep, under the unsuspected gaze of the serpent, which, had he been awake, would but have terrified him into imminent danger—perhaps into certain death. The admonitory rattle of the serpent served but to furnish part of the machinery of his dream—and the aches which made him fancy that he was fast bound, and could not stir, secured that quiet of his limbs, which disarmed the most noble of all reptiles of his purpose. The serpent, before Jonce was thoroughly awakened, had glided away, and Jonce was spared the horror of finding not only unfeeling man, but the very animals of a lower creation arrayed against him.

The lad was hungry. He thought of repairing at once to his thankless meal in his mother's house, and was almost tempted to forego it, in view of the more piquant than pleasant sauce which would attend it, garnished with tongue, as it invariably was. But while in imagination he rejected a meal so unsavory, the recollection came that he had abjured, altogether, farther such fare in his mother's house; he remembered that he was a fugitive, and an exile, and then, for the first time that morning, as in his destitution his heart failed him, he thought of home with longings to return—of Hardscrabble, as a place not so utterly odious after all. He stepped—and thorns not before perceived, the donations of the brambles through which, bare-footed he had pushed, made him start with acute pain. He looked at his hands—they were lacerated and torn, and the blood which had flowed unnoticed was caked upon them in dirty streaks. As his scanty clothing hung in tatters, he saw the shreds commence to shiver, in a rising gust, and, looking now, for the first time at the heavens, he perceived that a black and fearful storm was about to break upon him—homeless, shelterless, companionless, and disconsolate as he stood.

Distant mutterings of thunder broke the silence, and the smaller arms of the mighty forest trees began to wave, as if in deprecation of the impending fury of the elements. The heavens grew blacker, the startling peals of thunder more frequent—the lightning more vivid and terrible. In all the poor boy's previous experience, hard as it had been, this extreme of terror and suffering had been spared him; for never before had he felt in danger that most terrible of all discouragements—utter loneliness. He would have welcomed even Peltiah Perkins then, though the companionship of a fellow being were only to be purchased at the price of a whipping.

The instinct of the beast is his safety in any natural danger, however untried before; the reason of man is good for nothing until taught by experience of others. So Jonce of course, in his fright sought the very place for protection which he should have avoided for its danger. He escaped from the drenching rain, beneath the branches of a tall tree one of two which had been left standing in the small clearing where the thunder storm overtook the fugitive. And from this shelter he saw the bolt fall upon the other tree, and its trunk riven to the very ground. Palsied with fear, he clasped his hands over his eyes, and groaned, in bitterness of spirit, at the folly which had urged him from home, and from those whom he was now ready enough to remember as friends. But the next peal restored him to the full activity of his terror. He sprang forth from his shelter, and as he ran across the little area, it seemed to him as if the air around him was red, the earth lurid beneath his feet, and ready to gape and swallow him—the heavens above rolling up as a parched scroll. At three bounds he was in a neighboring thicket, and fell upon his face amid the underwood.

Not long did he rest there. In comparative quiet, his senses were even more painfully acute than before. He started struggling to his feet, and again pushed forward seeking to dive yet further into the woods. As he plunged, he received that sudden and violent impetus, which is experienced where an absence of resistance is unexpectedly found, when obstacles were expected. With eyes tight closed, to shut out the frequent and fearful light of the lightning, he stumbled at the absence of resistance before mentioned, and as he fell he clasped tightly by the fore legs—the Emigrant's horse! He had reached the narrow road in his wanderings, and struck into it just where the Emigrant family, like him caught abroad, were slowly pursuing their way, because to proceed was as safe as to rest, and progress, however slowly made, diverted their minds in a degree, from the terrors of the storm.

When Jonce had recovered his senses, for the fright and the fall had bereft him of them, the summer sun was setting clear and glorious. He was in the Emigrant's wagon, which had remained precisely where his unexpected tumble into the road had stopped it; and the mother of the wandering family was chafing his hands and his temples. He heard the blows of an axe, and looking out for the cause, found the Emigrant cutting in pieces for removal, a tree which had fallen across, and blocked the path—a tree which but for Jonce it would have fallen upon, and crushed the Emigrant Family.

How still—how calm was that summer evening after the furious tempest which but an hour before had seemed to presage almost the destruction of the world. Not a twig—not a leaf stirred, save where here and there one might gently—

—— lift and fall
Beneath its glittering coronal.

Big drops of rain, left upon the trees by the shower, dropped from branch to branch, resting by the way at every step in their descent, until the overcharged leaves dropped them down to the next, and the next, and finally to the ground as gently as if they had indeed been fragile gems, requiring to be consigned with all this care to earth.

If nature was at rest, so was our hero. We need not say how heartily he was welcomed, under such circumstances; nor how little explanation and persuasion it required to domesticate him in the Emigrant's Wagon. And now having set Jonce on the road to the West, return we to Hardscrabble.

Several days had passed. It is a delusion among cits, that in the country there is no such thing as news, and nothing to talk about, but the weather. There is always as great an abundance of home-provided topic as is desired; and at this particular juncture in Hardscrabble, the mysterious disappearance of Jonce Smiley was the reigning subject. And circumstances had given it an unusually deep interest. Jonce's hat had been discovered in the thicket, where, in working his passage through, head first, he had lost and left it. The wind, as is not unfrequently the case in a thick wood, had broken a path through, levelling tree after tree in its way, and under some one of these the villagers felt sure that poor Jonathan must have been crushed. But the most diligent search failed to discover any thing to confirm this opinion—as, of course, no traces of the body could be found. It was on its way to a new home, animated by a more jocund and happy spirit than had ever before regulated its pulse.

In thinking of Jonce's death, many a villager recollected with more pain than he cared to acknowledge, the unthinking blows with which he had visited the friendless boy, and (just as they do in cities, aye, in nations, too,) they tried to quiet their consciences for their abuse of the living boy, by doing rather more than justice to the memory of the dead. Of all the eulogists of poor Jonce, perhaps none was more eloquent than Peltiah Perkins. Beginning by conceding, unasked, that Widow Smiley's son had really some good in him, he had gone on from day to day in discovering new excellent traits in the missing lad's character, until at last he could not find words too strong to praise him.

"He was a little wild—but then he would have outgrowed that. There wasn't a drop of lazy blood in his body; and as to kind heartedness, and willingness to do, when he was asked kindly, why there wasn't a boy his match in the township! And then that he should die in such a kind of cruel, out-of-the-way-fashion, and nobody to bury him decently—that is, if he was dead—and nobody could tell—"

The arrival of the weekly mail for Hardscrabble, with one letter, done up with circumstance in a way bill, and two newspapers, one for the Squire and one for the Parson, cut off Peltiah's funeral oration. Peltiah made a grab at the Squire's newspaper, divested it of wrapper, and fell to reading, just as if he had paid the subscription and the postage. The Deacon ordinarily did the same good turn by the Parson's paper, but the one letter being for him, he left the newspapers to the others, and putting on his spectacles, squared himself down at the window to read.

"Wonder who this is from!" said he, examining the superscription as if he had no other means of determining. Peltiah looked up from the paper a moment, to wonder too, as in duty bound. The Deacon opened the letter, and all present opened their mouths.

"Hey—what!" shouted the Deacon, holding the letter almost out of doors to see the better—"Hey—what!" responded the bar-room congregation—

The Deacon jumped up, and they all jumped—

"The boy Jonathan Smiley!" said the Deacon—

"Do tell!" they all interrupted,—"Under what stump?—Bones where?—Dead corpse, how?"—and they all stood ready to run, emulous which should first carry the news to his mother—

"Is alive and well!" shouted the Deacon—"Thank heaven for that!" Then suddenly giving more exuberant vent to his joy—the Deacon danced! Nay more he sung!

"Yankee-doodle come to town
On a little poney—
He had a feather in his cap
And called it maccaroni!
Fal-lal-lal lal lal-lal la!
Loodle-oodle-oodle!
Fol-lol-lol-lol-lol-lol lo!
Go it Yankee doodle!"

Nobody was ready to run with *this* news to Widow Smiley. The Deacon, as soon as he could swallow, drank a full pint of cider, took down his hat, and heart in hand, walked, ran, and skipped on his way to the house of the boy's mother. Glorious old Deacon! Particularly glorious when we remember that the subscription for a new suit of mourning for ma'am Smiley, to be bought out of the Deacon's store, was nearly filled up! Peltiah Perkins looked after him a moment. The demons of cruelty and oppression had been for some few days exercised from his heart—

"Humph! No danger of killing such a darned young gallows-bird as that there Jonce, any ways but one!"

Their demonships had found their old residence empty, swept and garnished!

CHAPTER SIXTH.

IN WHICH THE DEACON'S SON IS INTRODUCED—A BOY WHO HAD FRIENDS; AND IN WHICH WE TAKE LEAVE OF THE DEACON'S WIFE.

Jump we a few years. To follow the adventures of our several heroes and heroines too closely, would make a story as long as the Columbiad—an infliction which we solemnly promise the reader not to impose. Let him suppose Jonce fairly quartered in the West, and fairly forgotten in the East, by all save two, the mother who felt her love increase with his absence, and little Margaret, who in her accumulating cares and responsibilities missed sadly her only confident and adviser. But it is strictly pertinent, and essential to our story, to tell how and why those responsibilities had thus early gathered about the little orphan.

Mrs. Deacon Underwood had absolutely "fretted out her own soul-case." Excuse the homely expression—no polished phrase were half as expressive. A continual habit of seeking something of which to complain, and at which to scold, had so attuned her mind to discord, that nothing could strike it as pleasant or harmonious. To Margaret, this continual complaint and hectoring, had become as a matter of course. It had even ceased to annoy her, on her own account; but as she grew older, and perceived how it embittered the Deacon's otherwise placid temperament, and how it wore upon the woman herself, she had learned to pity her benefactors. Benefactors they were; the Deacon without qualification—his wife with the single draw-back with which the reader must be by this time fully acquainted.

Long imagining fictitious griefs, or magnifying trifles, Mrs. Underwood had at last encountered a real sorrow. Her only child, a favorite son to whom allusion has been already made in this story—the life of her life—the only human being in her circle at whom she had never scolded, and to whom she had never spoken unkindly, repaid her solicitude by ingratitude and neglect. At college he learned to regard her as a country person, to whom he was, to be sure, indebted for some early nursing before he could go alone, and perhaps also for some little suffering endured in his behalf; but all these trifles he considered as more than offset by the obligation which circumstances imposed upon him of acknowledging her acquaintance; and he was furthermore fully of opinion that it became her to pay for the privilege of calling him son, at a rate somewhat onerous. These sentiments he was so far from taking pains to conceal, that he was at no little trouble to make her pretty distinctly understand them; particularly when he abused her because his father would not mortgage his farm to find the young gentleman in pocket money—a course which magnanimous young men are very apt to take in their wisdom. Torturing the mother to open the father's strong box is a truly ingenious and generally effective mode of procedure.

Some of the young man's college friends had little trouble in placing things in what they called their true light before the young collegian. They showed him that he was bound to see life, theatres and the gaming table, and cetera, included—that life was not to be seen without money—that parents are naturally bound to deny themselves salt that their children may drink champagne; that the heir is only spending his own in driving his father to the poor-house; and that the quicker that consummation is effected, the sooner all parties will understand their position. Under such hopeful tuition, Henry Underwood tormented his mother, till his extravagance broke her heart; and after two "rustications" for misconduct at college, came home—EXPELLED. His mother took to her bed, and never rose again.

And now came into exercise the affection of the charity-girl for her mistress; the assiduous care, the patient watching, the invariable sweetness of temper, never ruffled by the petulant exactions of the invalid. Like the very genius of order, Margaret presided over the household. All went on as quietly as if a loud nor a cross word had never been uttered in the house, and the honest Deacon, in the simplicity of his heart, blessed the child that so little confusion disturbed the invalid, little suspecting that under ordinary circumstances, or without the absolute need of stillness, the noise which his better half was wont to make could possibly be dispensed with.

But a quieter hour still, came. Mrs. Underwood had secured her son one afternoon from his idle amusements—for she was dying, and he *felt it now*. Bitterly did he reproach himself with his neglect of so kind a parent—anxiously did he struggle to convince himself that he had not before *known* her danger—he could not avoid the consciousness that he *might* have known it, had he been but a thousandth part as attentive to her situation, as the orphan child, who was bound to her by no ties of blood, but who was grateful for the privilege of a menial's situation, while he had hardly thanked her for descending to the grave for him! And if that boy amid his grief promised all his dying mother could desire, he did well, and from good promptings,—however carelessly he might sometimes have forgotten the pledges into which he entered, for when he thus smoothed her dying pillow, he was sincere—and she died happy. One hand was held by her husband—the other by her son. Each she pressed in her last struggles. The father and son were too much affected to weep—Margaret's childish grief, not less sincere and deep, found vent in a piercing shriek. The last glance of the dying woman's eye was one of gratitude to the orphan; her last smile—for in death she smiled—effaced the recollection of all her petulance of habit but not of malice, and enshrined her memory in the Orphan's Heart.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

LITTLE MARGARET SMITH.

Original Tales.

THE LAWYER'S WIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Who is that pale, sickly looking woman yonder, who seems to take no interest in the dancers, or indeed in anything, but whose eye continually wanders to the door as if in search of some expected object?"

"Do you not know? It is Mrs. Ellcott, wife of the distinguished lawyer of that name."

"Indeed!—and who can she be looking for?"

"Her husband. But he will not come, or only in time to hand her to her carriage. Poor thing!"

I was silent for some minutes, during which I stole many glances at the sad countenance of the wife. I thought I saw in it sleepless nights, days of doubt, and all the agony of unrequited love. My curiosity was excited. Mr. Ellcott stood high with the world, and was represented as a most exemplary man. But here was his wife neglected and suffering. There was some mystery connected with it. I seized the first opportunity to draw my aunt aside.

"It is a homely story," she said, in reply to my enquiry, "with no merit but its truth. But it teaches a useful lesson which I wish, for the happiness of my sex, was more generally known. Poor, dear Mrs. Ellcott how I pity her! I can remember when she was a gay, artless and very beautiful girl, and I can never regard her now without feeling the tears starting to my eyes. Her heart is breaking fast. And yet no insults from her husband, no brutal treatment, no dissipation on his part has brought this about. In all his duties to society at large he is most exemplary. He treats his wife with studied politeness and respect. Yet she is not happy, for she feels that he does not love her, and still loving him with the blind instinct of a nature like hers, her suffering is indescribable. We have much to endure in this world, Ellen, as woman and wives, but, believe me, there is no sorrow like that of feeling you love a husband in vain.

"Mr. Ellcott once *did* love his wife, or thought he did. When he first saw her she was in her eighteenth year, and one of the most graceful and lovely of her sex, with much of that *naivete* which in a girl is so delightful. Her complexion was delicate as that of a peach, and, as she came bounding into the ring—for it was at a May party that he first met her—her cheek flushed with the richest bloom, her eyes sparkling, her golden hair floating across her shoulders, and her light figure moving like animated music, Ellcott thought, and with truth, that he had never seen anything so beautiful. Fascinated by her looks he sought an introduction. She was in high spirits, and rattled away gaily in reply to him. He fancied her as charming in conversation as she was beautiful in person, and from that hour became her suitor. On every occasion he was to be found at her side. His passion increased daily. Nor was it long before he awakened a return in her bosom. He was even then pointed out as a rising young man, and in hearing him praised, poor Lucy soon found a secret pleasure. Besides he was good-looking if not handsome, possessed the most engaging manners, and was a universal favorite with the sex. What young heart could resist such attractions! And when Ellcott led his lovely bride to the altar every voice foretold for the young couple a life of uninterrupted happiness.

"But human foresight is only human. It cannot unravel futurity, even though it knows the elements which, when combined, are to produce that futurity. Had any one, of Lucy's numerous friends, calmly regarded the dissimilar character of Ellcott and his bride, they would have shuddered at the discordant elements existing there, and prophesied anything but felicity for the lot of the young couple. For, as sympathy is the great bond of the married life, so, when that sympathy cannot exist on account of incompatability of character, there is little hope for happiness. You look surprised. But you are young, and have never, perhaps, thought of this subject. Look around you, and you will find that four out of six of your married acquaintance, who are unhappy or indifferent to each other, are so from an absence of that full and entire sympathy, without which the married life is the most dreadful thraldom.

"Lucy was a gay, unsophisticated creature, with a warm heart, but little intellect, though her extreme *naivete* often passed for originality, and thus, as in the case of Ellcott, led to the belief that she had more mind than she really possessed. She has no strength of character, no reliance on herself, no energy whatever. Petted from a child, she grew up wholly dependent on others in everything. She had no will of her own. Even when Ellcot began to pay attention to her, it is questionable whether she was not guided, at first, more by the opinions of others than by her own fancy. Yet do not think she was incapable of loving. Her character and education had only accustomed her to rely on others for her opinions; but when, therefore, she once became interested in Ellcott, her love soon became intense. Indeed, her heart is full of warm, womanly impulses, and capable of the most devoted affection. In this, indeed, lies the whole strength of her character. If, with such a heart, she combined more intellect, or if she was united to one of a different character from Ellcott, she would be supremely happy, because she would have the power to make him so. But Ellcott's nature is wholly different from hers. He has aspirations she can never feel. In a word she cannot comprehend his more poetical nature, and not comprehending it, she cannot sympathize with him, and without sympathy how can he continue to love?

"Ellcott is of a high order of intellect; but this is not all. He is one of the most imaginative of men, and has preserved to middle life much of the enthusiasm and romance of youth. But with this he unites a profound knowledge of the world, and practical habits which have raised him to his present exalted position. In his intercourse with mankind he is the correct lawyer, the calculating business man, the one whose whole deportment would lead you to think him a very matter of fact personage. But when you come to know him better you discover that, in his secret heart, he nourishes a world of romance—I should rather say feeling. He knows that the world would consider this a weakness, and therefore conceals it from them; but the fire burns none the less brighter. In this he is not singular, for all men who unite good common sense to strong imaginative powers do the same; and in our own sex how often do we see a sensitive and romantic woman conceal her true character under an affectation of its very opposite, so that, whenever I find a woman studiously sarcastic, I suspect her to be sensitive. This feeling, thus treasured in Ellcott's soul, he fondly hoped he could unburden to his wife; but he found her, on a closer acquaintance, totally unfitted for sympathizing with him. She had no imagination, and but little talent; every thing to her wore but one aspect; she was destitute of the faculty which flings sunshine around life. In Ellcott's lofty aspirations she had no part; she could not comprehend them; they appeared to her vain, idle dreamings. There is no disappointment like that which a character such as Ellcott's feels on finding that those finer portions of his nature cannot be appreciated by one to whom he has looked for sympathy. Tie such a man to such a woman, and he either sinks to her level, or ceases to love her—he loses his lofty aspirations and becomes a mere dull clod of clay, or he seeks in other quarters for that sympathy he cannot find at home. It has happened so in this case. Mrs. Ellcott loves her husband dearly—nay, she worships him, because she sees he is far above her; but she cannot give him that sympathy which he requires, and consequently he is driven to the resources of his own mind, or to other society.

"Go to Mrs. B——'s soirees, and you will find Ellcott there, while his wife remains at home, or sits silent in a ball room, as you see her to-night. He would take her with him, but she finds no pleasure there, for the conversation is such as she cannot mingle in on equal terms. And perhaps her husband is quite as well satisfied that she will not go, because he might be ashamed of her. He might, indeed, remain at home with her, but, if so, he would be sure to take up a book. Sometimes the idle prattle of his wife amuses him when he returns home from the courts, after his intellect has been on the strain for several consecutive days; but this cannot always happen, and he is as often ennuied as he is pleased by her conversation. She plays well; that is, scientifically—but she has no heart for music, and can rarely give that expression to a piece which her more imaginative husband demands. Her fondness for him as often irritates as pleases him, for she is not always circumspect, according to his notions, in betraying it. Nothing annoys him so much as the attentions of his wife in a large company; he would bear better to see her indifferent than to behold her marked devotion. In short, their characters are wholly incompatible; in a thousand little things they daily jar; and this constant attrition has long since worn away in Elcott's bosom his romantic love.

"He has been deceived, or rather he deceived himself. He fancied Lucy to be like himself, full of poetry, because she listened blushingly to his rhapsodies; but a closer acquaintance has torn away the veil, and the conversation he once thought so sprightly now seems to him insipid. He has no respect for her judgment, and cannot, therefore, consult her in his difficulties. He sees she cannot enter into his finer feelings and it were useless, therefore, to confide them to her. His common acquaintance, to say nothing of his friends, know more of Ellcott's plans, and possess more of his confidence than his wife. This, you would say, is terrible. So it is. But what can he do? He yearns for a deep, sympathyzing love from one who can enter his most sacred feelings; and can an ordinary, common place affection, however blindly devoted it may be, satisfy his wants?

"I do not exculpate him from blame. But he has much to urge in apology. He should have known Lucy better before he married her, or having married her he should endeavor to accommodate himself to his fate. Gradually he might succeed in elevating her to an approach toward his standard. But repulsed at first his heart has retired within itself, and goes no more forth like the dove on the cold waters.

"Lucy has seen the gradual alienation of her husband, and seen also that she could not prevent it. But she still loves on. Sympathy to her is not necessary for the continuance of her affection, for the feeling of her husband's superiority, admiration of his talent, and his little acts of returning fondness now and then keep alive the flame in her heart. You see how she worships him. She breathes only in his presence. When he is absent she is absorbed and silent; when he is by she is embarrassed and awkward. She feels she is not loved as she once was, and the consciousness of this renders her almost incapable of those winning ways which first won her husband's love, and might even now re-awaken it.

"Besides she is not what she once was. Her mental suffering has slowly undermined her health, and she is now pale, thin and sickly. Her husband does not notice the change from day to day; he only sees that she has no longer the beauty she possessed on her wedding morn; and thus another chord to bind her to his heart is broken. Poor Lucy!"

"It is a sad fate," I said "and I fear there are many more like her."

"There are," said my aunt. "We little know how many unhappy marriages there are. But let not this prejudice you against the married state. God has wisely ordained that in the relation of husband and wife should exist the highest happiness of which we are capable; for in no other relation can there be that perfect confidence, sympathy and devotion as in that of marriage. To mutually share each others joy and cheer each others sorrow, is the mission of the married life. A woman never knows the depths of her own heart until she becomes a wife. A man who never marries grows more selfish with every year of his life, for he is not called on to make those sacrifices by which the heart is enlarged, and for which there are daily demands on a husband and father.

"But to insure this perfect happiness compatability of character is essential. The selection of a partner for life, is, therefore, the most serious affair of our lives, though the trifling manner with which too many of our sex perform this act, would seem to say that they thought otherwise. Perhaps the best chance for married felicity is to be found either among those who are married so young that their characters may assimilate together, or among those who postpone marriage to a period of life which enables them to judge correctly what kind of a partner will best suit them. In early life, before the character is formed and while it still continues pliant, there is hope that the married couple may learn mutually to adopt each others views, habits and modes of thought; but when the character has once been formed, as it is in mature manhood and womanhood, the only reasonable hope for married felicity is in compatability of character."

From the Magazines

FROM THE LADIES' COMPANION, FOR JUNE.

HEALING AT SUNSET.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"At even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased."—[St. Mark, 1st and 32d.

Judea's summer day went down,—
When lo! from vale and plain,—
Around the Heavenly Healer throng'd
A sick and sorrowing train.

The pallid brow, the hectic cheek;
The cripple bent with care,—
And he whose soul dark demons lash'd
To foaming rage, was there.

He raised his hand,—the lame man leap'd—
The blind forgot his woe,—
And with a startling rapture gaz'd
On Nature's glorious show.

Up from his bed of misery rose,
The paralytic pale —
And the loath'd leper dar'd once more
His fellow man to hail.

Mark,—on the arm of pitying love,
The lunatic reclin'd—
While unaccustom'd words of praise,
Relieved his struggled mind.

The mother, to her idiot boy,
The name of Jesus taught,—
Who thus, with sudden touch had fir'd,
The chaos of his thought.

For all that sad, imploring train,
He heal'd ere evening fell,—
And speechless joy that night was born,
In many a lowly cell.

Ere evening fell!—Oh! ye who find
The chills of age descend,—
And with the lustre of your locks,
The almond blossoms blend.

Yet have not o'er an erring life,
With deep repentance griev'd—
But let the safety of the soul
Unstudied,—unachiev'd.

Before the hopeless shades of night,
Distil their baleful dew,—
Haste!—heed the Heavenly Healer's call,
Whose mercy waits for you.

FROM SARGENT'S NEW MONTHLY FOR JUNE.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S LITTLE WAYS.

BY EPES SARGENT.

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.
— Shakspeare.

Charlotte Meredith was just fifteen, and Volney Balfour just twenty-two, when they accidentally met, and following the example of many wiser persons, fell most profoundly, desperately and insupportably in love. Indeed, according to their firm conviction, there never before was such an instance as they presented of the ravages of the tender passion. Poets might rave, and galvanise language to give force to expression, but they could not adequately describe the consuming nature of the attachment, which Volney felt for Charlotte, and Charlotte for Volney. It was really tremendous—at least so thought the youthful couple, and who could better judge of its vehemence than they!

Charlotte was an orphan, and she had a guardian named Mr. Queer; and this Mr. Queer was a very old and ridiculous old fellow, antiquated in his notions, and altogether behind the age. At a time when the whole world were making their fortunes in speculation, and when money was worth at least fifty per cent., he kept his own property and that of his ward snugly locked up in five per cent. stocks, and no remonstrance could induce him to partake of the golden harvest, which some of his Wall street friends, in the most disinterested manner, offered to share with him if he would only allow them to plant a few idle thousands of his dollars by way of seed. They even went so far in their generous intentions as to offer to give to a new city out West, the name of *Queerville*, if he would take stock in the company formed for its erection. It was already magnificently laid out (by the lithographer,) and all that it wanted now was a population. "Bah!" was the only reply, which the obtuse old capitalist condescended to return to the proposal.

Other peculiarities had Mr. Queer, from which it would almost seem that he had walked into the wrong century. Although he had been intrusted with millions of the public money, he had never been proved a defaulter; and though, during the last war, he had had abundant opportunities of realizing immense fortunes by omitting to meet his foreign obligations, no one could accuse him of ever having repudiated a debt. The old fellow also went to church regularly on Sundays, and was simple enough to love his wife and be faithful to her even after she had waxed so fat as to compete with the mammoth ox in weight. He could never be made to understand that "all was fair in politics;" and that a man could be, politically speaking, a great scoundrel and humbug, but, in every other respect, honest, virtuous and estimable. He used to think it pleasanter to stay at home and read to his wife, than to pass the evening in a lecture-room or at a club. He thought Pope a great poet, and Walter Scott a great writer; but exclaimed "Fudge!" over a volume of verses by Keats, and denounced Carlyle's French Revolution as stuff. He thought it ostentatious and anti-republican to put one's coachman and footman in livery; and always insisted on paying his tailors the cash down.

From all this it will be admitted, that old Queer was entirely behind the age, and wholly unfit to occupy a responsible position in the present advanced stage of civilized society.

But I must not lose sight of the principal personages of my history.

"Mr. Queer," said Charlotte one morning to her guardian, as he was sipping his coffee and reading his newspaper, "Mr. Queer, I have a communication to make to you—a communication of importance."

"A communication, child? What do you mean by a communication?" replied Mr. Queer, stirring up his fragrant Mocha, and laying his newspaper on his knee.

"Mr. Queer, there is a crisis in woman's life, when the fine affections of her nature must find an object on which to lavish themselves, or else run to waste, and water but the desert."

"How!" exclaimed Mr. Queer, arresting his cup midway between his lips and the table, "what the deuce is the meaning of all this! Crisis! Fine affections! Fine humbug, my dear! What silly novel have you been pilfering from, child!"

"A child no longer, Mr. Queer! That one passion of our lives—that passion, which makes or mars our happiness—which, if thwarted, devotes us to misery, compared with which the woes of the pining captive are but—"

"Bah! Don't make me sick entirely, my little Lotty. Go back to the nursery; and rebuild your baby-house. It will be time enough for you to talk about 'fine affections,' and all that, some ten years hence. So be a good girl, and let me read the newspaper."

Charlotte quitted the room with great inward satisfaction, although her air, attitude and management of her handkerchief were such as would have afforded a good study for some Ophelia of the stage, where she has to exclaim—

"Ah, wo is me!
To see what I have seen, see what I see!"

Mr. Queer mused over his ward's language, and soon arrived at a conclusion, which was not far from the truth. It was confirmed, a day or two afterward, by a visit from Mr. Volney Balfour, who coolly told the old gentleman that he was engaged to his ward, and asked when it would be agreeable to the old folks to see them married. This communication was met on the part of Mr. Queer by a most positive veto upon the whole arrangement. The parties were entirely too young—Charlotte's education was not yet completed—and Volney was a mere boy, who knew nothing of the world. Such were the guardian's objections.

Fortunate was it for Balfour, that the old gentleman had raised up these obstacles; for Charlotte had long since settled it as an axiom in her mind, that the "course of true love never did run smooth," and deplorably disappointed would she have been if there had been for them an unobstructed road to matrimony. How kind was it then of old Mr. Queer to play the part of the barbarous guardian, and afford Charlotte an opportunity of running away!

An elopement! There was transport in the very thought. To be brief, no sooner did the young lady learn to her satisfaction, that her guardian was really exerting his authority to arrest all present hopes of an engagement with Balfour, than she readily and delightedly listened to a proposition from the latter to elope. A fortnight afterward, they returned man and wife from a visit to Saratoga, and sent word to Mr. Queer that they were in the city. The old gentleman took no notice of the message. He was affronted, not without cause. He refused to surrender a cent of the young lady's property; and as she would not be legally entitled to it till she had reached the age of eighteen, there was no redress.

Volney had recently, through his father's death, come into possession of what the world called "a handsome property." His mother soon afterward had the folly to marry a man of fashion, and a fortune-hunter, named Snealy, who very unceremoniously laid his hands upon her property, and spent it in a manner the most agreeable to his tastes.

Behold Volney and his youthful bride the occupants of an elegant mansion in one of the pleasantest streets of the city. His apartments are sumptuously furnished. His green-house alone, has cost a small fortune, and his carriage with its little liveried footboy, "cut in ebony," is one of the neatest turn-outs that Manhattan has ever seen. And then his dinners and his wines! Ah, what epicure who had the good fortune to be present at any of those dinners, and to taste of those wines, can recollect their flavors without the profoundest and tenderest emotions!

Strange as it may seem, the favored couple were in nothing so favored as in their troops of dear friends. It was a touching sight to see the parting of Charlotte and some of her affectionate female satellites. How they would kiss and hug the "sweet thing," and beg her to take care of herself, and sometimes offer, of their own accord, to take an airing with her in her carriage! What hosts of aunts and cousins suddenly made themselves known and heard! What shoals of trimly dressed ladies, married and unmarried, of a certain age, all at once claimed Charlotte's acquaintance on the ground of "having known her sainted mother!" A middle-aged spinster, known to the gay world as Miss Auburn, actually took up her quarters with the young couple, informing them that she was a near relative of the young lady—a fact, which the latter, in the absence of a family tree, could not gainsay. And then there were the Misses Myrtle, the Furbelows, the Catberrys, the Foxes, the Badgers, the Whites, the Browns, and the Greens, all of whom seemed to carry on a contest with one another as to who should bivouac most completely in the family, avail themselves of Charlotte's carriage, rifle her green-house, and dispose of invitations to her parties.

"Oh, the felicities of friendship!" thought Charlotte. "How I am beloved by all these dear friends; and how I love them in return! What would they not do for me, and what sacrifice would I not make to prove to them my attachment!"

Not less to be felicitated on account of his friends, was the husband himself. So devoted to him were they, so disinterestedly fond of his society, that there was hardly a day in the course of the year, when his dinner-table did not exhibit an array of guests—all true men, who would "go their death for Balfour."

But it is a long lane, which has no turning. Volney, much to his surprise, was notified one day, that he had overdrawn his account at the bank. Not well understanding what the phrase meant, he hurried off to his broker, Mr. Stockdale, and asked him for an explanation.

"Simply that there is no longer any cash to your credit in the bank," replied the man of business.

"But it is your business to see that I have money there, Mr. Stockdale," replied Volney. "Why the deuce did you let such an accident happen!"

"If you can designate any more property, which you would like to mortgage or sell, I may possibly be able to relieve you," said the broker.

"There are the lots in Fourteenth street," began Volney.

"Sold long ago!" returned Mr. Stockdale.

"The store and house in Pearl street," continued Volney.

"Mortgaged—and the mortgage fore-closed," said the broker; in whom, by the way, Volney observed a great change from the obsequious, ducking manner, in which he used to address him of old.

We need not prolong the description of the interview. Volney found to his dismay that his "handsome property" was all squandered. He hurried off to his mother to see if she could not assist him; but she referred him to her husband, Mr. Snealy, who was in the back yard superintending the construction of a private bowling alley. Mr. Snealy regretted extremely his inability to serve his wife's son—but the fact was, that the insurance office, in which his stock was principally vested, had made no dividend for upwards of a year, and money was accordingly "consumedly scarce."

"But, Volney, my dear boy," said the step-father, "surely you haven't made ducks and drakes of your wife's property as well as your own. She was set down in my memorandum book five years ago at a hundred and fifty thousand—it must be two hundred now, if you have not tapped it. Egad, do you know, Vol, that I was strongly disposed at one time to run away with Charlotte myself? I hesitated a long time between her and your mother!"

Volney turned a scornful glance upon Snealy's gray whiskers, and then, as one of the workmen diverted the attention of the exemplary old gentleman, the affectionate step-son walked away. Proceeding to the house of Mr. Queer, Volney asked to see that gentleman. The servant replied that Mr. Queer had recently buried his wife, and declined seeing any one except upon business of the utmost importance.

"Well, tell him that my business is of the utmost importance," said Volney.

"Very well, sir; will you walk into the parlor?" replied the servant.

Mr. Queer promptly appeared. His manner was cold and pre-occupied, and he allowed his visitor to *talk himself out* before he moved his lips to reply. The amount of what Volney said was, that he was greatly in need of money—that his wife was within six months of the age when she would be legally entitled to her property—and that all that was asked of Mr. Queer was, to advance a sum, which would be sufficient to relieve them from present embarrassments.

"I shall do no such thing," said Mr. Queer, laconically.

"But, sir, in a few months—in half a year, you will have to surrender the whole of her property. Is it fair, is it honorable, sir, for you to refuse to grant me a small accommodation now, when you will so soon have to surrender thousands and tens of thousands?"

"I am resolute. Have you any further commands, Mr. Balfour?"

Vexed and confounded, Volney quitted the house without condescending to return an answer. After pacing the street in uncertainty for some minutes, he again resorted to Stockdale, the broker, and laid the circumstances of his position fully before him. That individual pricked up his ears eagerly when mention was made of old Queer, and the property, to which Charlotte would soon be entitled. He began to treat the young man once more with defference—told him that things were not so bad after all—and closed by saying that if Volney would call on him the next day, they would contrive some mode of raising the wind. The fact was, that Stockdale wanted time to sift the statements, which Volney had made in regard to old Queer. The result of his inquiries appeared in his next conversation with Mr. Balfour.

The best that Mr. Stockdale could do for his friend (such he was proud to call him) was to cash a six months' note, say for twenty-five hundred dollars. As the terms, on which he proposed to do this, were entirely confidential, we do not feel at liberty to make them known to the public. Suffice it to say, that the proposition was accepted by Volney—the note was given—and the next day Charlotte sent out invitations for a splendid ball.

Alas, that honeymoons should ever end! that notes should ever become due! With what unexampled velocity did those six months flit by! One morning, just as Volney was at his front door, telling the man who had supplied him, the last six months, with oysters, to "call again next week," a spry little gentleman thrust a slip of paper into his hand, which bore upon its face a printed request that Volney would take up his note, which was now due at the —— Bank.

"No matter! Charlotte is eighteen to-morrow," thought Volney; "and we will make old Queer disgorge every cent of her money."

At an early hour, the following day, Volney, accompanied by his pecuniary adviser, Mr. Stockdale, knocked at the door of Mr. Queer's house. But to their loud and repeated summons no answer came. A girl who was twirling a mop upon the steps of the adjoining house, on being appealed to, said that the old gentleman, with two or three big trunks, had gone off in a carriage more than a week before. Mr. Stockdale began to look alarmed. With his companion he hastened to Wall street and made the most thorough inquiries in regard to Mr. Queer. No one could give the least clew to information as to his whereabouts; and, what was still more appalling, nobody could tell where any of his property was to be found. One day passed—two—three—but nothing of Mr. Queer! At length a paragraph appeared in one of the daily papers, headed "mysterious disappearance," in which the friends of the absentee were called upon for intelligence. It drew forth a statement from some "old inhabitant," who declared that he was confident of having seen some trunks put on board the Great Western, just before her departure a week previous, upon the sides of which trunks the letter Q, marked with brass nails, was conspicuously visible. The gentleman to whom they belonged, had put down his name on the ship's books as Haynes, but the "old inhabitant" was disposed to think that he could have been no other than Queer himself. Further investigation seemed to confirm this belief.

Mr. Queer a defaulter! What was the world coming to!

Calumny spreads her news always with telegraphic celerity; and it was not long before the whole city was talking of Mr. Queer's iniquity and poor Volney's misfortune. The same day that the distressing intelligence reached Miss Auburn, that lady, by a singular coincidence, received a summons from a relative who was dangerously ill, and was compelled to take leave of Charlotte and the distracted Balfour. Whether the visits of some grim-looking functionaries, who came to attach the furniture in the house, the coach and horses, on behalf of Mr. Stockdale—whether this untoward circumstance had anything to do with the spinster's precipitate departure, it would be uncharitable to surmise.

But where were Charlotte's dear relatives and friends, the Greens, the Browns, the Whites, the Myrtles, and fifty others, who had so often partaken of her lavish hospitality; Where were those tender and affectionate creatures, who had so hung upon her words, and twined themselves round her heart? Every time the bell rung, Charlotte thought to herself, "There they come, I am sure." Alas! it was merely the dun of some importunate tradesman, who could not be put off.

And where were those "prime fellows, who would go the death for him any day," whom Volney used to bring home to dinner! Alas! the French cook was discharged—the old wines had been put under the hammer, and the "prime fellows" no longer, by any accident, knocked at the door on which misfortune had put his mark.

Six weeks after the disastrous disappearance of Mr. Queer, Volney and his wife found themselves the inmates of neat but secluded lodgings in a street east of the Bowery. There was a parlor with two windows, and a little chamber with one; and these Charlotte had managed to fill decently with articles saved from the wreck of her furniture.

"Come, cheer up, smile, Volney!" said Charlotte, as her husband sank into a chair, and heaved a deep sigh. "The storm, thank Heaven, is now past, and we can look round and see what is lost and what is left. Oh! let us be grateful that something really deplorable has not happened—that our health, our honor are unimpaired, and that we have treasures, which no lawyer's warrant can deprive us of."

"Bless you, my dear, for your undaunted cheerfulness," replied Volney, "but my blood boils when I think of the base ingratitude of that swarm of parasites, who have so utterly deserted us in our fall. What blind fools were we to believe in the friendship of those holiday visitors! Where is the being among the many whom we warmed in our prosperity, who now would contribute a copper to our comfort?"

"Nay, you go too far, Volney. Let us not think too badly of human nature."

"Name one, if you can, whom we can still call our friend."

"Well, there is little Miss Twillett. She has called on me several times, and shown a solicitude to be serviceable, which I cannot well resist."

"What! that unfortunate little piece of deformity, whom you, at the instigation of a conclave of your fashionable friends, ostracised and dropped from your visiting list—has she indeed renewed the acquaintance of her own accord?"

"Even so; and it is with shame I remember, that I could ever have been induced to treat her with neglect."

"Can you name any other?"

"Do you remember Mary Messinger, the pretty mantua-maker, who used to work for me the first two years we were married?"

"Do you mean the girl whom your cousin Auburn charged with having designs upon my loyalty as a husband?"

"The same. Miss Auburn managed to have a quarrel with the poor girl, and then to come to me with a story of her having been insulted; and soon afterwards she took upon herself the responsibility of engaging some other mantua-maker; and thus Mary and I were parted. Well; who should come to me the very day we moved into these lodgings, but Mary Messinger. She is, you may not remember, one of a large family of girls, the father of whom was once wealthy, but now reduced in his circumstances. One of her sisters sings in public; another assists in a millinery store, and the rest are respectably married. Mary had just heard of our misfortunes, and came, anxious to see if she could not be of some assistance. She paid me another visit yesterday, and was accompanied by her father, a courtly old gentleman, gray and infirm, but with all the vivacity of youth. It would have amused you to see his frock coat of faded blue, cleanly but napless, tightly buttoned up to his chin; and his venerable gloves. Ah, Volney, I am convinced that we can live upon a little, and happily too, if we will only think so. Do you know that I never knew how well I loved you until these reverses happened?"

And so it was. Adversity had developed Charlotte's better nature. The delightful consciousness of this fact amply compensated her for the harsh lesson, which she had been taught in the sudden defection of her gay friends. Some natural tears she shed to think how misplaced had been the strong affections of her heart; but better thoughts soon came to drive away her sadness. Another circumstance, perhaps, contributed more than anything else to banish despondency and arouse her energies. She was now, for the first time, likely to experience the bonds of maternity; and the anticipation, far from making her regret the loss of her fashionable acquaintances, promised her a recompense, in comparison with which, all the luxuries with which she was formerly surrounded, seemed contemptible.

But Volney, as he was threated with increased responsibilities, grew more and more desponding. Never having been bred to a profession, and utterly ignorant of mercantile pursuits, he sought in vain for some occupation, which would contribute towards his support. The times were never so bad—money never so scarce—and all the avenues of employment never so crowded. In the midst of his perplexity, and as his pecuniary means were rapidly diminishing, a scheme presented itself, at which, on its first consideration, his pride took the alarm. There was one accomplishment, in which he had gained a masterly proficiency; and this was singing. With a fine tenor voice, he had practiced unremittingly, and studied music with a genuine enthusiasm. After hearing him one evening, old Mr. Messinger had thrown out the remark, that Volney might make his fortune in the concert room. The suggestion, though at first rather superciliously received, weighed upon Volney's mind, and at length he ventured to break the subject to Charlotte. She at once caught at the proposition and urged it with all her eloquence.

"But, my dear Charlotte," said Volney, "what will the world say to my appearing in public as a singer? What will our relatives say? Will they not charge me with disgracing the family?"

"If you fail," replied his wife, "they will do so most undoubtedly. But success consecrates even crimes. How much more then will it consecrate a really honorable action! Suppose an event, which I neither anticipate nor desire—suppose, that you should by this step recover your fortune, do you not believe that you would whistle your fashionable trencher friends about you again, even as the huntsman whistles his hounds?"

"Right, my dear Charlotte; but is there not something at war with the nice feelings of a gentleman in this public exhibition of one's powers?"

"The world may have attached a prejudice to it—but looking at the matter independently and unconventionally, why should the public singer feel himself degraded any more than the public orator, the public advocate, the public preacher? Do they not all exhibit their powers publicly for pay? Are they not all as amenable to public criticism? Nay, are they not often compelled to truckle to the narrow creeds, political or sectarian, of their audiences, in opposition to their own more liberal and enlightened views?"

"You have prevailed, Charlotte. I try my fortune at the great concert at the City Hotel, next Wednesday."

Volney's success was sufficiently encouraging to induce him to persevere independently in the career, for which his tastes and past studies had so well fitted him. His labors were often arduous and exhausting, but he derived from them all he had hoped, an income sufficient for his wants. As he had anticipated, his good friends and relatives were greatly scandalized by the step; although they would not collectively have subscribed sixpence to save him from the alms-house, they seemed to feel themselves authorized to talk indignantly, as if he had aggrieved them personally by his efforts to procure by the exercise of his talents an honest living. They resolved to cut both him and Charlotte henceforward, when they might meet in the street. There was one exception in Mr. Sneely, Volney's step-father, who said: "You have done just what you ought to, Val, my dear boy. Anything for an honest living, say I. Don't mind what the old maids say about it. Be sure, that no crime you can commit is so great in their eyes as that of poverty. And you can any time get absolution from them for any offences you may commit by appearing in Broadway in your own coach."

Perhaps Mr. Sneely's remarks were not wholly disinterested, for he had feared that Volney would have been obliged to fall back upon his mother for the wherewithal to subsist.

Three years floated by, and no intelligence had been received of Mr. Queer since his mysterious and abrupt disappearance. On a mild starry evening in May, Volney and his wife, with a few friends, were seated in their neat but plainly furnished parlor, to hear the tones of a new piano, which had been recently purchased and conveyed home. There were the Messingers, the old man included, who in his yellow gloves and miraculously preserved blue coat, complimented the ladies, and cried "bravo," after every song. And then there was the little deformed woman, Miss Twillett, who seemed to be quite at home and on familiar terms with every body. A Mr. Winwell, a young lawyer without clients, whose sole revenue was his "good spirits," seemed desirous of persuading Mary Messinger to share with him his poverty.

Occasionally Charlotte would flit out of the room, be absent three or four minutes and then re-appear. It was to watch over the slumbers of a miniature Charlotte, who was sleeping in the adjoining room.

Volney and Susan Messinger had just completed a duet, and the father of the latter was ejaculating "bravo," as he had been wont to do at the opera in Paris, some years before the restoration of the Bourbons—when the door was thrown open, and in walked Mr. Queer, looking as bold and self-possessed, as if he had never been guilty of a defalcation in his life. On he walked into the middle of the room, and then pounding the floor emphatically with his cane, took off his hat and exclaimed: "Good people all, I am your very humble servant."

"Mr. Queer! Is it possible?" cried Charlotte.

"Yes, my dear little woman. Your old guardian has come back. Can you forgive him for running away with your fortune?"

"With all my heart," replied Charlotte; and then checking herself, she looked inquiringly at her husband.

The frown, which had been gradually gathering on his brow, vanished at once, and taking his hand, she asked: "Will you not forgive Mr. Queer? Could all the money he robbed us of have bought the happiness we now enjoy?"

"You are right, Charlotte," returned Volney; and then turning to Mr. Queer, he raised his finger, and said: "Ah, you old rogue! You may not find the law so forgiving as we are. I shall feel it my duty to have you arrested if you remain longer in this place."

"Humph!" said Mr. Queer, looking round upon the company assembled. "Good, honest looking people these—they haven't come to pick your pockets, Volney, I'll be sworn. Couldn't say as much for the men and women you used to have at your house, when you gave your fine dinners and balls—allow me to shake hands with you, Miss—young man, I am happy to make your acquaintance—your servant, sir."

And in this way, while Charlotte and her husband stood petrified with astonishment at his assurance, Mr. Queer went round the whole circle, shaking hands with all, not forgetting Mr. Messinger, last though not least.

"And now, Charlotte, let me see the little new comer. Does she look like you, you pretty rogue?"

There was an air of authority about Mr. Queer, which was irresistible; and Charlotte led the way through the folding doors to the crib, where her infant daughter lay nestled.

"Charming! Shall I wake her if I kiss her? Perhaps not," said Mr. Queer, and bending over he gently kissed the little sleeper.

Volney began to chafe. To think that old Queer after treating him and his wife so atrociously should have the audacity to visit them, and behave in this manner, was insupportable. He was about to break forth, and threaten him with an immediate arrest, when the old gentleman led the way back into the parlor, and taking a seat, dropped his hat and cane upon the floor, and rubbing his hands, said—

"Well, this is what I call comfort. But Volney, before you explode in a passion, hear what I have to say. I have come to surrender to you the whole of your wife's fortune, in the full persuasion that you are now able to manage it, and spend the income with moderation and judgment. And a nice round sum it all amounts to, I can tell you. Why, lad, the property with which you embarked upon matrimony wouldn't make a tenth part of it. Don't interrupt me, but hear me out patiently. Your house with all the furniture, precisely as it existed in the heyday of your extravagant career, is at your service. Here is the key. Take it, sir—but don't speak yet. I saw you entering upon a career of profusion, which would soon have brought you to the end of any fortune, however princely. Surrounded by false friends and adroit parasites, you and Charlotte believed that you were worshipped for the qualities of your heart and head, when you were courted merely on account of your fine house and your loaded table. I resolved to give you an opportunity of testing the genuineness of those dear friends—of winnowing the grain from the chaff. The grain is, I presume, before me. Cherish it, Volney; but let the winds take care of the chaff. As for myself, I have passed the last three years in Paris, but have been constantly in communication with persons who have kept me apprised of every event, however trifling, in your history and that of my ward. Come to my house to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and I will hand you over a little tin box, in which you will find some papers that may interest you. Oblige me by not saying a single word more at present than 'good night.' If it is agreeable to the company, I propose that we all meet at your house in ——— Place, to-morrow evening."

"Agreed!" cried Mr. Messinger.

"Sir, I have a high respect for you," said Mr. Queer, again shaking hands with his venerable coeval. "And now, good night all."

"Good night!" was the general response.

Many notable incidents followed in the train of this denouement. Old Mr. Messinger and Mr. Queer became great friends from the fact that both were admirable chess-players. Having a large house, and no longer a wife to keep it in order, Mr. Queer insisted upon having Mary to preside over his household, assigning rooms to the whole family, not forgetting the chess-player. Mr. Winwell's prospects have materially brightened since this project has been carried into effect, and some law business, given to him by Mr. Queer, has been the means of introducing him to a lucrative practice. He is now daily inquiring of Mary—"Why defer the happy day?"

As for Volney and Charlotte, they have not forgotten the experience they have had of "one of the world's little ways." The week after they had moved into their old mansion, a tortoise-shell box upon the centre-table was found heaped with the freshly left cards of all their former dear friends and relatives, who had again flocked to them like obscene birds to their banquet. Volney emptied the whole pile into the grate. A letter was also received from Miss Auburn, in which the writer pretended not to have heard of the good fortune of her "dear Charlotte," but expressed an intention of visiting her soon.

"Charlotte, my dear," said Volney, as with a scornful smile he sent the letter after the cards, "we will be happy in spite of our wealth, will we not?"

"Yes," replied Charlotte, "as happy as we were in our second floor lodgings."

TYPHUS FEVER.—It cannot be too widely known that nitrous acid gas possesses the property of destroying the contagion of the typhus fever, and certainly preventing its spread. By the following simple method, the gas may be procured at a trifling expense: Place a little saltpetre in a saucer, and pour on it as much oil of vitriol as will just cover it; a copious discharge of acid gas will instantly take place, the quantity of which may be regulated by lessening or increasing the quantity of the ingredients.

A STRONG TEMPERANCE ARGUMENT.—It is said that of all those who have been engaged in making and vending intoxicating drinks, in the State of New York, for forty-nine years, nine-tenths have become insolvent, and that two-thirds of them were intemperate.

☞ A German emigrant, named Woolley, was robbed at Albany, last week, of twenty-two hundred five franc pieces—his all.

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Saturday Morning, June 10, 1843.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Persons having United States Bank Notes on hand, may by sending ten dollars, *post paid*, to this office, receive four copies of the United States Saturday Post one year, or three copies of Graham's Magazine, or four of Peterson's National Magazine (World and Artist united.)

☞ Mr. J. F. Easton, Collector for this paper (United States Saturday Post) and Graham's Magazine, resides at No. 64 North Fourth street, St. Louis, Missouri.

☞ WILLIAM ADAMS is still our agent to collect bills for the United States Saturday Post and Chronicle, and for Graham's Magazine in the City and County of Philadelphia. 3t

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending $3, in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of James' new novel, "FOREST LIFE," *gratis*.

For $5, three copies of United States Saturday Post and Arthur's new novel, "FANNY DALE."

For $10, seven copies of United States Saturday Post and either of the novels.

For $20, seventeen copies of United States Saturday Post and both novels.

For $5, one copy of United States Saturday Post, one copy of Graham's Magazine, and one copy of the Lady's World.

For $10, three copies of United States Saturday Post, two copies of Graham's Magazine, and two copies of Lady's World.

☞ The money must always be sent free of postage.

Any young man may procure a club by a little exertion, and have good reading gratis; and any subscriber, by sending $2 in advance, will be entitled to one of the novels named.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The foreign news will be found, this week, extended rather more than is our wont; but a glance at the leading topic under that department will show that it possesses more than ordinary interest. Some of our newspaper contemporaries, we notice, are quite confident in the belief that a bloody crisis is about to terminate the struggle, for the present, at least; but we confess that we do not hold that opinion. Speeches at public meetings, and speeches in legislatures, are in all countries apt to run considerably ahead of the actual danger of anticipated evils. But in these very speeches we find in this case, the indication that matters are quite far, as yet, from the danger of actual collision between the people and the soldiery. The reader will notice in Mr. O'Connell's remarks, a partial key, we think, to the great Agitator's immediate purposes. He wishes to get up, at the time of the Queen's visit to Ireland, a demonstration of that fervent loyalty which the sex of the sovereign would call without prompting from the true sons of Erin, ever memorable as they have been for genuine heart-felt gallantry to women—the only idolatory which is at all tolerable. With this view he will take very good care, so far as his influence goes, and it is immense, that the Island shall not be thrown into such a state of confusion as to delay the royal visit. And, at the same time that the people show their attachment and loyalty to the Queen, it is intended that they shall assail the royal ear, with unmistakeable demands for "repeal." The Queen's visit, then, or her declining to visit will alike postpone violence, if not remove the danger of it altogether. Should she go to Ireland, O'Connell will find her a more powerful "Agitator" against him than he has ever encountered; should she decide, or her ministers for her determine that she must not go, the great occasion for which this preparation for agitation is made, will have passed; and in either case "Bobby Peel," as Mr. O'Connell styles him, is trimmer enough to effect some manner of compromise, settlement, or indefinite postponement.

The Duke of Wellington, an old war-dog may be serious in his threats. The Premier, a most skilful manager has no intention that any blood shall be shed. This, we judge, not only from the character of the man, but from pretty good corroborative indices. If a civil war were really pending in Ireland, we should see an actual commotion on 'change where we now observe no fluttering beyond what might be occasioned by the non-arrival of a French mail. And then again it will be observed that in some of the repeal speeches, the orators declare their opinion that there will be no opportunity for an acceleration of the repeal movement by any ministerial violence by any possibility avoidable. There is not in prose or verse a more undeniable truth than that—

> "——— Freedom's battle, once begun,
> Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
> Though baffled oft is ever won."

"NINETY-EIGHT!" is a mighty watch-word in Ireland now. Sir Robert Peel will take care that "FORTY-THREE!" be not added to it; for with such a sign and countersign, revolution in Ireland would be insured, and it might happen within the present generation.

So much for matters abroad. At home we are on the threshold of a very peaceable and rather formal excitation. The President of the United States is on his way to the East, and at every step of his progress the proper respect is shown to the Chief Magistrate of the Union. There is, we think, very little danger that, in any part of the country, this respect will degenerate or sublimate (which is the word?) into man worship. As a Virginian, Mr. Tyler has a prescriptive right to political "abstraction;" and as an individual we fancy that he will find the President more honored "in the abstract," than Mr. Tyler in person. It is due to our love of country, however, to treat him with all possible proper consideration, and, uncommitted to party as the POST is, we may add that it is also due to the man. He has found hitherto few of the roses of office, and abundance of the thorns; and if the electricity of a Presidential march can quicken a few bays, or other greens in his path, it will be much pleasanter for all concerned.

In another part of this day's paper will be found rather a singular weather record for the beginning of Summer—frost and snow. Winter would appear to have lingered so long in the lap of May, as to have become frozen into the unreasonable seat; but at this present writing there does seem hope that the weather is at last "thawed out." A ready solution would have been found for all this a hundred years ago, in "that comet," and in the other just announced by M. Arago. It is queer, is it not, that while we scout these old superstitions, such awkward half confirmations of them will occur? Do not imagine, gentle reader, that in this enlightened age, when Herschell won't permit the moon even, to affect the weather, that we are about to maintain any obsolete heterodoxy relative to the comets. But when that comet did strike the sun, as by concurrent, but not collusive testimony astronomical corroborated, did or did not the vagabond planet or conglomeration of base put out a portion of the fire? If you cannot settle that question, resolve this other: If moon, star nor comet have nothing to do with it, why *will* "some beans boil so?" We pause for a reply until the next frost—and that may be next week.

Mr. Jone's Narrative, it will be perceived, makes "upwards of considerable" progress this week. The young gentleman has at last got fairly launched clear of Hardscrabble, and we for one, are ready to wish him joy thereof. In addition to this continuous original tale, we bespeak the reader's attention to another, complete, written by an old friend and favorite of the readers of the Post.—The Requiem, by a boy of twelve, upon our first page, would do no discredit to a man of thirty—and, apropos of boys, this is a good place to bear testimony to the excellent character, and superior advantages of the Philadelphia High School. To obtain access to this, more proficiency in elementary branches is required than the fathers of this generation of boys could usually carry away from the public schools, after they had exhausted all that those institutions offered in those days. The diligent student when he leaves the High School to enter life as a clerk or an apprentice, has a more practical and thorough education than all college graduates enter upon the study of a profession with; and the young man who leaves the institution to enter an University, goes there under much greater advantages than is usual with those who "prepare" at private or incorporated institutions. Well may Philadelphians be proud of their school-system—for they have had already occasion for honest pride in the men educated under it.

There are many other subjects which it would come within our scope to glance at in this dish of varieties: but as it is already, perhaps longer than the reader may desire, we desist; referring him to the news columns proper, where the trial has been made to treat of all current subjects of news and fancy.

P. S. Two swallows do not make a Summer. Do not, therefore, take down your anthracite stove 'till you hear from us again, even if the ice-man has mustered sufficient confidence to give you your Summer's daily dole. Embellish the grate with evergreens; but do not make the grate-mistake of putting the grate-full consolation of glowing coal out of your reach at present. A flame-colored edict. Repeat this.

GREAT FIRES.

The newspapers of the current week bring us accounts of several destructive fires, which have occurred in different parts of the country. First in the list is a fire at Tallahasse, Florida, on the 25th ult., which destroyed every business place, including the post-office, in the town. It commenced in the back buildings of Washington Hall, and extended on both sides of the main street to the Court House; every store in the city was destroyed. Two printing offices, the Sentinel and Floridian were burnt out. It is supposed that there is at least two hundred and fifty buildings with most of their contents, destroyed. It was impossible to save many of the goods in the stores, the fire made such rapid progress, and those that were saved were mostly in a damaged state. Several buildings were blown up, and two or three negroes lost their lives. The loss is estimated at $300,000. There had been no rain for six weeks, in consequence of which the buildings had become so dry that they burned like tinder. Under these gloomy circumstances, the citizens of Tallahasse have held a public meeting, since the fire which destroyed every place of business in the town, and an *Address to the People of the United States* was prepared and read, asking the aid of the various cities and towns in the Union to re-build the place and re-establish its business. There were eighty-nine stores and houses, the theatre of active mercantile and manufacturing industry, which were entirely consumed, and the value of which is estimated at half a million of dollars. Goods, furniture, &c., at $150,000 more. The merchants and agents of a commerce that has exceeded two and a half millions of dollars in the year were, by this sudden blow deprived of their stores, warehouses, and unsold goods, and the artisans of their tools. But $20,000 of this loss is insured. Under their afflictions, they ask for aid from the citizens of other cities, which, we have no doubt, will be fully extended to them.

In Buffalo, on Thursday of last week, a fire broke out in the boiler manufactory of John Newman, which consumed all the buildings on both sides of that street, between Main and Prime streets, in the brick block on the corner, including the old Steamboat Hotel. About twenty tenements in all were destroyed, mostly of wood, and very old.

The large warehouse of Joseph Hunter & Son, of Columbus, Ohio, was totally destroyed by fire on the morning of Tuesday of last week. Loss about $20,000.

One of the largest fires which ever occurred at Oswego, took place there on Thursday of last week. Among the sufferers were—Wm. Sisson, machinist, Edwin Goodell, chair maker, Darius R. Bellows, John Worlock, blacksmith, Q. Rust, blacksmith, R. C. & S. N. Kenyon. During the fire, the wind blew very hard from the west, blowing firebrands and live coals over the most dense part of the village. The flouring mills of Messrs. R. C. & S. N. Kenyon, the storehouse and store of Messrs. Wocott & Coates, the store of Messrs. Dutton and Livingston, the store of Messrs. Tucker & Gardner, the brick block of G. F. Falley, the Post Office, Fulton House, the Saw Mill of Jonathan Case, the Universalist Church, and 15 or 20 other buildings were all on fire at the same time.

On Thursday morning of last week a very destructive fire occurred at Taunton, Mass., commencing in the dry goods store of John O. Burt, and spreading until all the buildings on the south side of Main street, between Brewer's Block and the Custom House (opposite the Taunton Bank) were consumed, or destroyed to prevent the further ravages of the fire. Ten buildings were reduced to ruins and prostrate in about five hours. Loss estimated at about $30,000—two thirds of which is insured.

A fire broke out in the village of Frankfort, Herkimer county, last week. Mr. Clowes' scythe and cradle factory, a wagon shop, a store and two dwelling houses, were destroyed.

THE GODFREY MONUMENT.

As briefly noticed in our paper of June 3d, the ceremony of erecting a monument to Thomas Godfrey, at the Laurel Hill Cemetery, took place on Thursday week. The monument is placed upon a slight mound, at the head of the main avenue, to the left of the principal entrance to the cemetery. The appearance of the memorial, a truncated pyramid, is simple and chaste, and the ornaments upon it are exceedingly appropriate. On the east side of the shaft, in a medallion, is a Quadrant; and on the west side, also in a medallion, a ship in full sail, both beautifully executed in *basso relievo*. On the east side of the base is the inscription—"Godfrey: Palmam qui meruit ferat;" on the south side—"Thomas Godfrey, inventor of the Mariner's Quadrant, a citizen of Philadelphia. Born 1704—Died 1749;" on the west—"His invention has conferred enduring benefit upon the Marine and Commerce of the world;" and on the north—"Erected A. D. 1843, by the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia, aided by citizens of Philadelphia and Germantown."

The orator, Governeur Emerson, Esq., made a most able vindication of the right of Godfrey to the honor of the invention which bears, unjustly, the name of another; and his address was listened to with deep attention. Mr. Emerson opened with an appropriate remark upon the difference between this and ordinary occasions, when a crowd of weeping relatives and friends assemble to consign to earth the remains of the recently departed. Thomas Godfrey had long since passed away, and it was under the prompting of a sense of duty that they had come forward to deposite a stone in honor and in justice to the memory of him who had done good service to man, and especially to the merchant, in the invention of an instrument which equalled the Compass in value. A brief review of the life of Godfrey, in connexion with his invention of the Quadrant, and his endeavors to get it before the public, followed; and honorable mention was made of several citizens of Philadelphia who had assisted him, and given evidence of the originality of his invention, among whom the celebrated James Logan, the companion of William Penn, stood foremost. The manner of Hadley's acquiring a knowledge of the instrument by means of information communicated by a sea captain, who had seen it at Jamaica, in the West Indies, and his subsequent conduct, were told with much effect.

The remains of Godfrey were removed from Germantown to Laurel Hill in 1838, at the charge of Mr. John F. Watson, well known as the annalist of Philadelphia. The good work which individual reverence so well commenced, has been worthily consummated by the Library Company; and the monument, while it stands, will be a testimony alike to the memory of Godfrey, and to the enlightened character of the members of the association who had the justice to appreciate, and the public spirit to commemorate the merits of the inventor of the Quadrant.

AMERICAN ARTISTS.

At the dinner of the Royal Academy at the opening of this year's exhibition, Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, made a speech on behalf of the Diplomatic Corps present, which we give below. Mr. Leslie, the Philadelphian to whom he alludes, has several pictures in the exhibition, which are considered among the highest ornaments. Among them are, a large picture of the Queen receiving the sacrament at the Coronation, one representing the scene in the Vicar of Wakefield where the five ladies come to see the Vicar's family—a scene from Molliere's "Malade Imaginare," and several portraits.

Sir Martin Archer Shee and Gentlemen:

I rise, at the request of my respected colleagues of the diplomatic body, to make our joint acknowledgments for the toast just proposed. I beg to assure you, Sir, on their behalf, and on my own, that we esteem it one of the most agreeable privileges of our position, that it procures us, by your courtesy, the gratification of partaking the annual hospitality of the Royal Academy, on this most interesting occasion. It is in fact, Sir, not an unnatural view to take of the delightful art to which the Royal Academy is devoted, to regard it as a sort of language common to all the cultivated families into which the human race is divided, and expressing a dialect equally intelligible to all nations, some of the finest conceptions of the human mind. In this respect, it has an advantage over the sister arts of eloquence and poetry; which, however superior in range of subject, precision, and flexibility, must certainly yield to the art of painting in universality of comprehension. This idea has been beautifully expressed by a great master (Dryden) of one of the arts alluded to, in his address to Sir Godfrey Kneller:—

> But poets are confined in a narrow space,
> To speak the language of their native place.
> The painter widely stretches his command—
> Thy pencil speaks the tongue of every land.

Yes, Sir, though there are no two of the Diplomatic corps now present, on whose behalf I have the honor to address you, who speak the same language as their native tongue, the beautiful works which adorn these walls, the product of English taste and skill during the past season, address each one of us in an idiom that needs no interpretation.

Before I take my seat you will pardon me; and my respected colleagues will bear with me; if I say a single word as the American Minister. In that capacity I cannot but have the highest satisfaction in reminding you, Sir, of my countrymen, living and departed, who have filled, and still occupy a distinguished place among your associates or fellow laborers. I might with propriety allude to the venerable artist (Mr. West) who so long presided over the Royal Academy; and when I repeat the names of Copley, of Stuart, of his nephew Newton among the deceased, and of Alston, and I must be permitted to add of Leslie (to whose pencil the present exhibition is so highly indebted) among the living, I am sure I have said enough to vindicate my countrymen the honor of having contributed their share of the talent, taste, and success with which the art of painting has been cultivated under your auspices. I rejoice that on the neutral ground of this delightful art, the citizens of the two countries have entered into an emulation so honorable and improving, and I fervently hope they may never be engaged in any less auspicious struggle.

I beg leave, Mr. President and Gentlemen, to renew the thanks of the Diplomatic corps for your hospitable reception, and to express our best wishes for the prosperity of the Royal Academy, and the progress of British Art.

RATHER SHARP.

We find in the London papers the annexed petition. The memorialist, Dean of St. Paul, is widely known as one of the most eccentric and witty men of the age.

The humble petition of the Rev. Sydney Smith, to the House of Congress at Washington.

I petition your honorable house to institute some measures for the restoration of American credit, and for the repayment of debts incurred and repudiated by several of the States. Your petitioner lent to the State of Pennsylvania a sum of money, for the purpose of some public improvement. The amount, though small, is to him important, and is a saving from a life income, made with difficulty and privation.

If their refusal to pay (from which a very large number of English families are suffering) had been the result of war, produced by the unjust aggression of powerful enemies; if it had arisen from civil discord; if it had proceeded from an improvident application of means in the first years of self-government; if it were the act of a poor State struggling against the barrenness of nature—every friend of America would have been contented to wait for better times; but the fraud is committed in the profound peace of Pennsylvania, by the richest State in the Union, after the wise investment of the borrowed money in roads and canals, of which the repudiators are every day reaping the advantage. It is an act of bad faith which (all its circumstances considered) has no parallel, and no excuse.

Nor is it only the loss of property which your petitioner laments: he laments still more that immense power which the bad faith of America has given to aristocratical opinions, and to the enemies of free institutions in the old world. It is in vain any longer to appeal to history, and to point out the wrongs which the many have received from the few. The Americans, who boast to have improved the institutions of the old world, have at least equalled its crimes. A great nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyranny, has been guilty of a fraud as enormous as ever disgraced the worst king of the most degraded nation of Europe.

It is most painful to your petitioner to see that American citizens excite, wherever they may go, the recollection that they belong to a dishonest people who pride themselves on having tricked and pillaged Europe; and this mark is fixed, by their faithless legislators, on some of the best and most honorable men in the world, whom every Englishman has been eager to see and proud to receive.

It is a subject of serious concern to your petitioner that you are losing all that power which the friends of freedom rejoiced that you possessed, looking upon you as the ark of human happiness, and the most splendid picture of justice and of wisdom that the world had yet seen. Little did the friends of America expect it, and sad is the spectacle, to see you rejected by every state in Europe, as a nation with whom no contract can be made, because none will be kept; unstable in the very foundations of social life, deficient in the elements of good faith, men who prefer any load of infamy, however great, to any pressure of taxation, however light.

Nor is it only this gigantic bankruptcy for so many degrees of longitude and latitude which your petitioner deplores, but he is alarmed also by that total want of shame with which these things have been done, the callous immorality with which Europe has been plundered, that deadness of the moral sense which seems to preclude all return to honesty, to perpetuate this new infamy, and to threaten its extension over every State of the Union.

To any man of real philanthropy, who receives pleasure from the improvements of the world, the repudiation of the public debts of America, and the shameless manner in which it has been talked of and done, is the most melancholy event which has happened during the existence of the present generation. Your petitioner sincerely prays that the great and good men still existing among you may, by teaching to the United States the deep disgrace they have incurred in the whole world, restore them to moral health, to that high position they have lost, and which, for the happiness of mankind, it is so important they should ever maintain; for the United States are now working out the greatest of all political problems, and upon that confederacy the eyes of thinking men are intensely fixed, to see how far the mass of mankind can be trusted with the management of their own affairs, and the establishment of their own happiness.

TEXAS AND MEXICO.

Since our last, there has been received from those countries quite a variety of news. The first and most agreeable item is the payment of the first instalment of the Mexican indemnity to the citizens of the United States, $270,000, shipped on board the Dolphin. Other intelligence from the interior of Mexico there is little, except some new proclamations, still claiming Texas, and declaring that all settlers found there will be treated as rebels, and all consuls as neutrals.

The New Orleans Tropic, has a rumor which, as yet, wants confirmation, that a draft drawn by the Mexican Government in favor of Sam Houston, President of Texas, for twenty-five thousand dollars, has been paid at the counter of one of the most prominent commercial houses in New Orleans. This will probably be resolved down into altogether another matter, perhaps entirely disproved.

The Mobile Advertiser, states that a letter has been received from a man, known to have been on board the Texan schooner Antonio, which strengthens the belief that the Antonio is the Pirate which is hovering on the Southern shores of Cuba. Possible this, but hardly probable.

Commodore Moore had had one or two brushes with the Mexican steamers, the most important of which was on the 15th of May. Com. Moore engaged the Montezuma, and the brig Wharton the iron steamer, Guadaloupe. The account given by one of the officers of the Wharton, which, of course, is the most favorable to their own doings, says after two hours' fighting, the steamer occasionally hauling off to repair damages, or probably to try and get at such a distance as would be too great for the Texan shot, and then returning,—the action became general, and continued so until three o'clock in the afternoon, the two steamers directing more of their attention to the Commodore than to the brig. The action appears to have resulted in nothing of consequence, both parties seeming to be satisfied with the amount of fighting for that day. The account, above quoted, says the Commodore's vessel had two killed and twenty-five wounded; among the latter is Lieut. Wilbur and Midshipman Bryant. The loss of the Mexicans is not known, but is "supposed" to be sixty. We might as well "suppose" a hundred and sixty while about it. On shore, the two parties were blazing away at each other.

In Texas, Dr. James B. Miller has been appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and his accession to office, from his high character, is hailed as a harbinger of financial reform. A public meeting was held at Galveston on the 30th ultimo, at which the Hon. Jno. M. Allen, Mayor of the city presided, and a series of resolutions were adopted, applauding in highest terms, the conduct of Commodore Moore, his officers and men, off Yucatan. The resolutions likewise approve the conduct of Col. Morgan, in giving his avowed sanction to the naval expedition.

COUNT D'ORSAY.

There is a rumor in the London papers that this prince of dandies, instead of going from London to America went to Scotland to be shot. The story was, that a duel had been fought with rifles, on Lord Stormont's estate, near Loch Ness, in the Glamorgan marches, Scotland, and that Count D'Orsay, one of the principals, had fallen.

THE RARITAN FRIGATE.

It is stated that the Frigate Raritan is to be lauched from the Navy Yard in this city, on Tuesday of next week, (June 13th.) It has been pronounced unnecessary to remove her copper. The President will be present at the launch.

AMERICAN BOOKS ABROAD.

In noticing the Peter Parley works, the Westminster Review favorably treated them; but having under notice an English edition of the books, quoted and objected to certain "Americanisms." The cream of the joke is that all these Americanisms were interpolations in the English, and never appeared in the American work. But what we intended to introduce in this connexion is the following, from the London Book Circular of Wiley & Putnam:

But "Who read an American book?"—*Edinburgh Review*, (old No.) A good many do so, without being themselves aware of it. The case of "the oldest" London Review appreciating the articles of the "North American" well enough to appropriate some of them entire as *original*, *accidentally* omitting to mention their origin, is not a solitary one. American periodicals have contributed "considerably" to some of those in England, in mutual innocent unconsciousness. Some few American writers would scarcely recognise their own offspring under their new names and foreign dress; and authors are apt to take some pride in their bantlings, whether clever or otherwise. Who, in looking over a list of titles, would suppose that "Quebec and New York, or the Three Beauties," was the same as "Burton, or the Sieges;" and "Cortez, or the Fall of Mexico," "a reprint of the 'Infidel;'" that "The Last Days of Aurelian" is no other than Mr. Ware's "Probus, or Rome in the Third Century;" and "Montacute" only a new title for "A New Home;" that Mr. Mussey's "Young Maiden" and "Young Wife" are *translated* into "The *English* Maiden" and "The *English* Wife!" Mr. Sparks's "Life of Ledyard, the *American* Traveler," is only made more attractive as "The Memoirs of Ledyard, the *African* Traveler," (anon); and two volumes of his "Writings of Washington," in twelve volumes, are reprinted with the original title, and apparently as if complete. Dr. Harris's "Natural History of the Bible," Bancroft's translation of Heeren's Politics of Greece, Mr. Everett's translation of Butmann's Greek Grammar, were all reprinted and sold as English books. Judge Story's "Law of Bailments" was "chopped into fragments," and appended here and there, by Mr. Theobald, in his notes on Sir William Jones. These are a few specimens; in most of them the preface, etc., is sufficiently altered to conceal their origin, and in several the author's name is suppressed. One more may be mentioned: Mr. Neal, of Philadelphia, published, about 1839, a volume called "Charcoal Sketches," with illustrations; his name appended in full. This volume appears entire, plates and all, in the *middle* of "Pic Nic Papers, etc., edited by C. Dickens, Esq.," 3 volumes, London, 1841. Mr. Neal, no doubt, would have been proud of his company, if his patron had not introduced him as a *nameless* person! "A volume has been appended, (to make the orthodox *three*) from an American source," says the editor, but not a syllable about the name, either of author or book!

LATE FROST.

On the night of Thursday the 1st of June, (Summer!) there appears to have been a frost in almost every direction. From Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and other New England States we have intelligence of frost on that night; in many places so severe as to injure tender vegetation especially. In Rochester, N. Y., on the morning of the same day they had a slight fall of snow; and in Baltimore and in this city, there was a slight snow squall at about six A. M. In some parts of Massachusetts ice was found in the morning. The New York and Jersey papers say that Bush beans, Lima beans, cucumbers, egg plants, and tomatoes were killed, unless in sheltered places, and even the potato-tops were much cut. The fruit is generally too far advanced to be injured.

In some parts of this State the frost on the first of the present month, has killed the corn. Some of the farmers, as we learn, were ploughing it up on Saturday. The tops of the growing potatoes, for one or two inches, are "bitten" black. Beans and peas have also suffered. Reading, Pottsville, and other interior points make the same report. We have, so far, heard of no frost south of Washington.

Upon looking back, we find that in 1816 there was a frost every month during the year. We have now entered the sixth month of this year, and have so far imitated 1816. In 1825 there was frost in June. In the middle of May, last year, there was a heavy frost which killed the fruit. But this is the only year in eighteen years, in which there has been a heavy frost in June. The fact of the snow fall, last week, however slight, recalls the well known prophecy of Lorenzo Dow, who a number of years since, said that in 1843, there would be no King in England,—no President in the United States,—and snow in June. Every item of this "guess" by a little straining can be made to appear; but then it involves a "con-sti-too-tional question." Little Vic is no King, is John Tyler President, or Mr. Tyler, Vice President, acting, &c.!

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

We mentioned some weeks since that the Sandwich Islands had been seized by the British. Subsequent accounts have been received which make the transaction more intelligible. It appears that the commander of H. B. M. ship Carysfort made certain demands upon the Sandwich Island government, in relation to injuries alleged to have been suffered by British residents, and that the demand was coupled with others which would embarrass and enfeeble the government; and furthermore, that the demands were coupled with a threat of attack in case of refusal. Under these circumstances the king surrendered the Islands to the British commander personally, until the matter can be adjusted by representations made to the British government direct. The English flag was then hoisted, and the American and French Consuls were notified that they could not act until they shall be recognized by the British government. The king made a lengthy and formal protest against this procedure, which has been transmitted to Washington by a special express who arrived in the Architect. Express couriers had also arrived at Vera Cruz for England, to proceed via Havana and the United States.

The French Consul having experienced an indignity at the hands of the British commander, had sent an express to Admiral Dupier, commanding at the Marquesas group, stating the capture of the Sandwich Islands by the British, and the indignity which had been offered through him to the French Government. The presence of the Admiral, backed by one or two French frigates, was very shortly expected.

In reference to this subject the Journal of Commerce, good authority, says:—"We have authority which we deem unquestionable for the fact that England and France, as well as the United States, have recognized the independence of the Sandwich Islands. The late capture of them must, therefore, be a thing to be taken back as fast as possible.

THE DELAWARE DIVISION.

The attempt to dispose of the property of the State of Pennsylvania in the Delaware Division of Pennsylvania has resulted in a failure. The imputed cause of that failure was the spirit of riot evinced among the contenders for stock, and the hired rough-scramblers who beset the unfortunate Commissioners at the Exchange. The specimens of push, pull, elbow and scratch exhibited on the first morning upon which the books were opened, and upon subsequent days when it was supposed they would be opened, were perfectly terrific and astounding to such as had never before witnessed such an operation.

The Commissioners to receive subscriptions under the act, opened the books on Thursday, June 1st, but closed them after a few subscriptions were entered, on account of the tumult. On Thursday afternoon they had a meeting, and also two meetings on Friday, at which several resolutions were proposed, discussed, and rejected. Among them was one that the Commissioners should subscribe for the stock, put it up at auction, and pay over the whole proceeds, expenses deducted, to the State. Another was to re-open the books on the Wednesday following, at the Merchant's Hotel. Another proposed to open them at Easton; and this was passed, reconsidered and rejected. Another was to sell the stock at auction, for the benefit of the State. A resolution was passed by which the Commissioners adjourn till at the next session of the Legislature some mode be devised to get out of the difficulty, and a committee of three appointed to prepare an address to the Legislature, suggesting the enactment of a law by which the stock may be peaceably disposed of, and in such a manner as to secure the State a more adequate compensation than the mode prescribed by the bill would permit.

MR. BRUNEL.

Our readers remember the accident which had nearly proved fatal to Mr. Brunel, the Thames Tunnel Engineer. Several attempts to remove the coin in his throat by surgical instruments, essays were made by placing the body of the patient in an inverted position, the last of which proved successful. He was placed on an apparatus, prepared for the purpose, his body inverted, and the back gently struck. After two or three coughs, he felt the coin quit its place, and in a few seconds, it dropt from his mouth.

HON. LEVI WOODBURY.

We learn that this gentleman is to deliver the anniversary oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Dartmouth College, at the next commencement. This manifestation of interest in the cause of education does the statesman high honor.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE.

This literary and scientific institution, which is to receive the benefit of the Smithsonian bequest, would seem to be in a position to avail itself to the utmost of that fund. There are in correspondence with it one hundred and twenty Americans, and one hundred and seventy from foreign societies, and it has about eight hundred corresponding members. There are three hundred resident members, and if to these be added the Governors of States and the Diplomatic and Consular Representatives of the United States, (who are *ex-officio* members,) the correspondents of the Institute may be reckoned at upwards of fifteen hundred, of whom a large majority have, by words and actions, evinced their approbation (and continue to evince it) of the great and national objects of the Institute.

Among recent donations we observe that Samuel Wells, Esq., United States Consul at St. Catherines, Brazil, has presented to the National Institute at Washington, 158 specimens of Humming Birds, 143 specimens of various genera, birds; 2 bats, and 4000 specimens of insects.

Lewis R. Gibbes, Esq., of Charleston, has presented to the Institute 21 specimens of shells, and 68 specimens of plants.

Col. James B. Murray, of New York, has sent a miniature model of the Nelson Monument, at London.

William Arnold, M. D., President of the Literary and Philosophical Society, of Kingston, Jamaica, has presented to the Institute a copy of his Treatise on the Yellow Fever, "which is highly spoken of," says the American Consul at Kingston, who forwarded the work, "by all medical men in this part of the world, as also by Sir Jas. McGregor, the Physician General of the British army, and others."

DECIDED IMPROVEMENT.

We have examined a substitute for the "quoins" used in "locking forms," in printing offices, which substitute, we have no hesitation in predicting, will every where supplant the old tedious, noisy, and troublesome method of "locking up." It consists in the adaptation, to the quoin, *not to the chase*, of moveable screws which can be made of different sizes, are applicable to any form, and can be used with any chase or galley now made, without altering them in the least. The principle is the same as that of the Jack-screw, used in raising houses.

In locking up with this mode, the mallets, shooting-sticks, or bevelled side and foot-sticks are used, and the contrivance can be employed on a stone, or board having a smooth surface, without injury to either, and without making the least noise. Moreover, there is no moving or jarring of the form or chase on the stone, and the form *after* it is locked up requires no planing down, which will prevent great injury being done to the face of the type. Each screw, although small, is capable of yielding from five to fifteen hundred pounds pressure, and from four to six screws are sufficient to lock up with the utmost safety the *largest* forms. This can be accomplished with the greatest correctness, as the screws used being of the same size one can be turned the same distance as the other, even by the smallest boy in the office, and with the utmost ease and precision. The inventor is Mr. E. M. Meader, a practical printer, and he has given us an invention of immense practical utility, and withal, so simple that in that respect, as in others, it is an advance upon the old system. He has applied for a patent, and we heartily wish him success and emolument.

FUNERAL OF DR. WEBSTER.

The funeral of Dr. Webster, whose death we announced in our last, took place on Wednesday of last week, at New Haven. The services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Taylor and Rev. Mr. Dutton. The former gentleman pronounced the funeral address. The New Haven Palladium thus speaks of it:

It was a finished and able performance. The speaker glanced at some of the prominent events in the life of Dr. Webster to illustrate his exalted patriotism, his great purity of character, his wonderful industry and perseverance, and his love of and faith in God. No citizen's name, said the speaker, except that of the Father of his Country, has been more conspicuous and honorably before the country for a great number of years than that of Noah Webster. He had lived to a venerable age, and had been an actor in some of the most important scenes through which the country had passed since the time of the colonial dependence—he had ever been the fast friend of Washington, and in trying times was the defender of most of the great measures of that great man's administration. It is believed, said Dr. Taylor, that Dr. Webster wrote the first line ever penned in advocacy of the adoption of a National Constitution. The variety and extent of Dr. Webster's knowledge on all subjects were described in a manner the most graphic and interesting. He always had *something to do*. He was a foe to idleness in every form, and his literary recreation was but a change of useful employment, not a torpid repose. Lastly, he died as he lived—a CONFIDING CHRISTIAN—and his last words were "*I know in whom I have believed—and I have believed—and I depart without one* FEAR *or one wavering* DOUBT."

THE SEVENTEENTH.

On Saturday next, the seventeenth instant, will be celebrated the anniversary of the Battle of Bunker Hill, and the completion of the monument. The Committee of Arrangement have specially invited the President of the United States, the ex-Presidents of the United States, the members of the President's Cabinet, and the Governors of all the States, and that a *general* invitation is extended to the rest of their fellow-citizens. Bodies of military from all New England, from New York, and other States, will add military ceremony to the occasion; and the concourse of strangers in Boston will be unprecedented.

The orator of the day is Daniel Webster, who, it will be remembered, delivered the oration at the laying of the corner stone in 1825, nearly twenty years ago. The President of the United States, as our readers are aware, and the heads of the Departments will be among his auditory; and, we think, not a few of the Governors of the States. All sons of New England, who can, will report themselves on the spot; and all Americans who can so order their business, will aid in swelling the mighty multitude.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

A French lady was missing from the steamboat Worcester, which left New York on Tuesday week, for Boston. At Westport, on Thursday, the body of a woman, answering the same description, was found on the beach. The Inquest Jury returned a verdict, that "she came to her death by reason of blows inflicted upon the head, by some person or persons unknown." There is little doubt that she came to her death by violence, and may have been thrown overboard from some vessel navigating the Sound. The lady went by the name of Madame Durand.

THE GRAMPUS.

We regret to find that the fears expressed in relation to the U. S. schooner Grampus, would appear to be but too well founded. The Madisonian of Saturday evening, states that no intelligence has been received at the proper department relative to the fate of this vessel, since her departure on or about the 20th of February last. Her cruising ground was along the coast between Cape Hatteras and the St. Johns, in Florida. Her orders were to return to Norfolk for supplies when she began to run out.

The opinion is gaining ground, that the Grampus has fallen into the hands of pirates.

THE PRESIDENT'S JOURNEY.

The order of the President's Journey to the East was arranged as follows: To leave Washington, and arrive in Baltimore on Wednesday, the 7th of June. To leave Baltimore and arrive in Philadelphia on Friday, the 9th. From this city he proceeds next week to New York and Boston; to be in the latter city on or before the seventeenth. The time at which we are compelled to go to press precludes notice here of his reception in this city.

EGGS—AS A REMEDY.

The white of an egg is said to be a specific for fish bones sticking in the throat. It is to be swallowed raw, and will carry down a bone very easily and certainly. There is another fact touching eggs which it will do very well to remember. When, as sometimes by accident, corrosive sublimate is swallowed, the white of one or two eggs, taken immediately, will neutralize the poison, and change the effect to that of a dose of calomel.

IMPORTANT TO BUILDERS.

We gather from a communication in the Boston Daily Advertiser, that "the insurance upon any new building is null, if segars have been used in or about that building." Yankee apprentices must do their long-nine smoking "elsewhere;" as the Boston ordinances are fond of saying.

ANOTHER COMET.

Our astronomers must be on the lookout. M. Arago announced, at a lecture delivered by him lately, at the Observatory of Paris, that one of his pupils had discovered a new comet on the night of the 3d to the 4th ult.

GEN. WALL.

We are gratified to state, on the authority of the Trenton Emporium, that Gen. Wall, of New Jersey, has recovered from his late attack of paralysis.

REPEAL MEETINGS.

Two meetings of the friends of the Repeal of the Legislative Union of Ireland with England, have been held in this city, this week, and upwards of five hundred dollars contributed. In New York it is said that one thousand dollars were received at one session of the officers of the Association; over eight thousand persons visiting the Hall.

THE EAST INDIA SQUADRON.

It is announced officially, that any letters for the Brandywine or St. Louis, that may be forwarded to Mr. Cushing at Boston, previous to the 16th inst., will be taken out to the squadron. This is an important item to the thousands who have friends on board of those ships.

A BAD LOOKOUT.

It is stated, as the general belief, that on the occasion of the recent loss of the English steamer Solway, the man at the helm was drunk, and the officer of the watch asleep when the vessel struck.

FIRST RATE OFFICERS.

Of twelve gentlemen who have held the office of Mayor of Washington, since 1802, five have been practical printers.

General News.

SUICIDE IN COURT.—At Columbus, Ga., a few days since, a man named Smith, who had been arrested on a charge of theft, attempted, while in the charge of the officer in the lobby of the court house, to swallow prussic acid. He was partially foiled in his attempt, but immediately after drew a knife from his pocket and cut his throat in such a manner that he died soon after. On the same day that this occurred, another man named Simpler was drowned in the river while attempting to make his escape from the officers of the law.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—On Wednesday evening week, in New York, a lad named Henry Cornell, aged 17, was instantly killed, in rather a singular manner. He was playing with several other boys, at the corner of Chambers and Chatham streets, and, while running, suddenly met a black man going in the opposite direction. The shock of the collision was so violent that Cornell instantly fell backwards upon the pavement, and was taken up dead.

ANOTHER GREAT PIGEON ROOST.—The Lancaster, Ohio, Examiner, in a notice of the great pigeon roost in Illinois, says: "There is one now, about sixteen miles north of this place, near Kirkersville, Licking county, which, it is said, covers a tract of five miles in diameter, and which has been visited by many of our citizens. We noticed a wagon in our market yesterday morning, loaded with live pigeons, brought from the same place."

THE OREGON.—An expedition for the Oregon, was to leave Jackson county, Mo., on the 20th of last month. The company consisted of five hundred persons, some with families. They had about one hundred and fifty wagons, drawn by oxen, together with horses for nearly every individual, and some milch cows. They were to carry as much provision with them as possible, and some of the necessary implements of husbandry.

IN A HURRY.—A convention is to be held at Cincinnati on the 3d, 4th and 5th of July next, to urge upon Congress the *immediate occupation* of the Oregon Territory, by the arms and laws of the Republic, and to adopt such measures as may seem most conducive to its immediate and effectual occupation, whether the government acts or not in the matter. The call is signed by a dozen names of respectable citizens.

ANOTHER PIRATICAL WRECKER.—Captain Higgins, of the brig Joseph Atkins, arrived at Boston last week, from Jacmel, states that his vessel was boarded on the 14th ult., off the island of Heneagua, by a schooner pretending to be a wrecker, the captain of which offered him five hundred dollars, or half salvage, if he would run his vessel ashore.

A SCHOOL FUND.—The capital of the Connecticut School Fund, according to the Commissioners Report, is now $2,044,354 87. The unsold lands belonging to the fund, being now the only means of increasing its productive capital, the present amount, he says, cannot be materially augmented. The original capital of the fund was $1,200,000.

COUNTERFEITS.—Large numbers of gold lever watches which have been sold in all the principal cities of the United States, as English watches, were manufactured in Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Pitkin, the maker, finding that his watches would not sell, except as an English article, resorted to the trick of marking them with the English stamp.

☞ A terrific thunder-storm passed over Detroit on the 30th ult., and the rain fell so as literally to inundate the city. A flash of lightning struck a school house in which were some sixty or seventy girls at the time, and two girls were instantly killed, two severely injured, and several others slightly so.

☞ Breedlove, Jewell, and Rynders, the individuals arrested in Washington a short time since, charged with being implicated in the robbery of Treasury Notes from the Custom House, in New Orleans, in July last, arrived in that city on the 25th ult., and were confined in the Baronne street prison.

☞ The city of Hamburg is rising from its ruins in increased beauty. Five hundred houses have been erected on the sites of a portion of those burnt in 1842. The streets have been much enlarged, and a contract has been entered into with a French Company, to light the city with gas.

THE COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.—The foreign arrivals at New York, during the month of May, 1842, were 259. The arrivals for the same month this year, were 203. Foreign and coastwise clearances for May, 1843, 480—namely, foreign 148, coastwise 332.

☞ The Britannia, the pioneer ship of the Royal Mail line of steamers, is withdrawn from the line, to undergo a thorough overhauling and repair, Captain Hewitt remaining in Liverpool to superintend the refitting, &c. Lieut. Roberts has been transferred to the Acadia.

A HEAVY LOAD.—One *Levi Garret*, of Liberty, Sullivan county, N. H., has run away with all the money he could raise, taking the wife and *two children* of his neighbor, Elam Strong. Garret is some 40 years old; his paramour 24, and the children 6 and 3.

☞ One of the passengers who came over in the Acadia returned in the Caledonia, which sailed about an hour after the arrival of the A. He will probably have come to America, transacted his business, and returned to England, all within the space of 25 days.

☞ The Supreme Court of New York, at its recent term, decided that the enlistment of an alien in the army of the United States is not illegal, and cannot on the ground of alienage, be set aside. The same decision has been made in Virginia.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—We learn from the Iowa Gazette of the 20th ult., that the Supreme Court of that Territory, at its late session, decided that the President of the United States had no authority to lease lead mines in Iowa Territory.

EMIGRANTS.—A letter from Munich, states that between the years 1835 and 1840, 24,470 persons emigrated from Bavaria: of this number nearly 19,000 proceeded to America. The amount of the emigrations since 1840 is not stated.

DANDELIONS.—The Bangor Whig, says that there is a man in Cambridge, Mass., who cultivates a quarter of an acre of dandelions for the Boston market, and that his crop of them yields him two hundred dollars annual income.

☞ The Buckeyes and Hoosiers along the line of the Wabash and Erie canals, propose to have a grand jollification at Fort Wayne, on the 4th of July next, in honor of the opening of this important line of intercommunication.

☞ There was a fine encampment at Bedford, Pa., a few days since. Several of the volunteer companies of the neighborhood participated, and the whole affair passed off with pleasure to all concerned.

☞ Mr. C. H. Eaton, tragedian, had his arm fractured and his head severely injured by a fall, at Pittsburg, on Tuesday night of last week. It was feared he would die from concussion of the brain.

☞ It is stated in the Zion's Herald, that William Emerson, of Malden, now in his eighty-fourth year, made during the past year, with his own hand, eight hundred and ninety pairs of men's shoes.

IRON HOUSES.—The rebuilding of Point-Petre, with iron houses, as affording the best security against earthquakes, is said to be seriously contemplated by the French government.

☞ A farm of twenty-five acres, at Flatbush, N. Y., with a house upon it of but little value, sold on Friday week at auction, by order of Chancery, at $7500, or $300 per acre, all cash.

☞ The whole city debt of New York, is about $14,000,000 00.

☞ A prize fight between two men named respectively Clark and Hughes, was fought near New Orleans on the 23d ult. Thirty-two rounds were fought in the presence of 2000 persons.

☞ Gum elastic suspenders are manufactured at Middletown, Conn., and furnish at three dollars a dozen. They are pronounced to be equal to those manufactured by the French.

☞ A Catholic Chapel at Woodstock, N. B., was broken open and robbed on the 22d ult. A reward of £25 has been offered for information as to the perpetrators of the outrage.

☞ Jacob Shipman, the absconding messenger, has been removed from Philadelphia to New York, there to undergo a trial for taking away the funds of the Union Bank.

COPPER.—Upwards of 40,000 lbs. copper had been shipped from the Mineral Point mineral region, prior to the 4th inst. It was destined for England.

☞ The New York papers state that a large number of counterfeit Mexican dollars, and American half dollars, have been seized by the police of that city.

☞ Five hundred and eighty bass were caught at one haul, at Wickford, R. I., one day last week, some of them weighing forty pounds each.

☞ Ex-President Boyer, is, it is said, about to proceed to Paris, having invested a large portion of his fortune in the French funds.

☞ Mrs. Miller, the lady whose husband recently abducted her, has obtained a decree of divorce by the Legislature of Connecticut.

☞ The value of the real and personal property in the city of St. Louis, as reported by the late assessment, is 11,721,425 19.

☞ The receipts from all sources of the American Board of Missions, during the month of April, amounted to $20,592,29.

☞ An Anti-duelling-Association has been established in London, and many noblemen have become members.

☞ Several of the Georgia papers recommend the policy of manufacturing corn-stalk sugar in that State.

Notices of the Dead.

WILLET LOUNSBURY.—The Cayuga Patriot announces the death of the joint editor and proprietor of that paper, Willet Lounsbury, Esq. He was in good health on the morning of his death. While cheerfully conversing with his wife, he expired so suddenly that she was not aware of any change, until he was drawing his last breath. The members of the Typographical profession held a meeting, and passed resolutions expressive of their respect for the deceased, and sympathy with his widow and children. Mr. L. was only 35 years of age.

☞ Mr. Thomas Wilcox, aged 85 years, died at Tiverton, on Friday of last week. Mr. W. was probably the last of that adventurous band, who, with Col. Barton, (afterwards Gen. Barton) as their leader captured Gen. Prescott, a British officer, on Rhode Island, during the revolution, and conveyed him safely to Warwick.

DEATH OF MRS. MORRISON.—We learn, with much regret, says the Missionary Chronicle, that Mrs. Morrison, wife of the Rev. J. H. Morrison, departed this life on the 14th of February. She died in Calcutta, after a lingering and painful illness.

☞ Mr. Abbott, the comedian, a native of England, died in New York, on Thursday of last week, of apoplexy. He fell down in a fit while playing on Tuesday night, and and since that, had a second attack, which terminated his life.

SUDDEN DEATH.—James Cheston, President of the Farmers' and Planters' Bank, Baltimore, died suddenly on Wednesday of last week, at his residence. His disease, it is supposed, was an affection of the heart.

☞ Henry Gibson, Esq., Clerk of the United States Court for the District of Virginia, died at Richmond a few days since. He was a gentleman of an ardent and generous temperament, and highly esteemed.

☞ Hon. Mark Kelley, one of the Associate Judges of Indiana county, Pa., died at his residence, near Indiana, on Sunday, the 14th ult.

Local Intelligence.

CONTROLLERS OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—The Directors of the Public Schools in the city met on Monday, and re-elected the following gentlemen members of the Board of Control of Public Schools; Thomas G. Hollingsworth, W. S. Perot, George M. Wharton, George Emlen, Jr., Samuel English, Dr. George R. Burgin, Clifford Smith.

The Directors in the District of Kensington, re-elected Alderman Hugh Clark and John Robbins, Jr. Esq., members of the Board of Control for the city and county.

Northern Liberties—John Miller, John C. Smith and Alex. Browne.

The Directors in Moyamensing re-elected Francis Lyons.

Southwark—Hugh O'Donnell, and Wm. J. Crans.

Spring Garden—Joseph Yeager and John J. McCahen.

Oxford, Lower Dublin, Byberry and Moreland—John Foulkrod.

Roxborough, Germantown and Bristol—John Wister.

West Philadelphia, Blockley, Kingsessing and Passyunk—Henry Leech.

N. and S. Penn Township and Unincorporated Northern Liberties—Jacob Heyberger.

GOOD WORK.—The locomotive Joseph W. Patterson, built by Wm. Norris in this city, in 1840, has run 32,000 miles on the Baltimore and Washington railroad, without requiring repairs. This fact speaks well for Philadelphia workmanship.

ENLARGEMENT.—The Catholic church at Fairmount is having additions made to it, by which its dimensions will be nearly, if not quite double what they are now.

NEW PAVEMENT.—The wooden pavement in front of the State House has been taken up and replaced by one of blocks of granite—a decided improvement.

SCHUYLKILL COAL.—102,328 tons of Schuylkill Coal have been received in this city the present season.

Political Intelligence.

THAT FINE.—The resolutions adopted by the Louisiana Legislature, declaring the intention of that body to refund the fine imposed on General Jackson, in the event of Congress refusing to do so, were conveyed to the Hermitage on the 23d, and delivered to General Jackson in person. By order of Governor Mouton, these resolutions had been beautifully transcribed upon parchment, in French and English, with the seal of the State affixed, and enclosed in a handsome gilt frame.

MASSACHUSETTS ELECTION.—At the trial on Monday last to elect four Representatives to Congress from Massachusetts, one only would appear to have been elected, Mr. King, (Whig.) He is returned from the district in which Mr. Rantoul was a candidate during previous trials, Mr. R. having declined the nomination.

☞ J. C. Harris, editor of the Nashville Union, has gone out to Europe as a Government Agent to look after the Tobacco interest of this country, at a salary of $4000 per annum.

☞ William Crump, Esq., of Powhatan county, Va., has been appointed Naval Storekeeper for the Washington Navy Yard, *vice* Cary Selden, Esq., deceased.

☞ The Legislature of Connecticut has granted a divorce to Emma W. Yates (better known as Emma Willard) from her husband, Christopher C. Yates.

Army & Navy.

FINE SHIP.—The U. S. ship Saratoga, of the African Squadron, is said to be, perhaps the finest vessel of her class in the world. She rates as a sloop of war, is 1000 tons burthen, and her complement of officers and men all told about 250 men and boys. She mounts 20 guns, of which 6 are 68 pounder Paixhan guns, the other 14 medium 32 pounders—a most formidable battery.

FAILURE.—The smoke pipe experiment on board the steamboat Missouri, has been unsuccessful. The plan was to convey the smoke from the furnace into the wheel boxes, and so obviate the necessity of a high smoke stack. On the first experiment the smoke was so dense on board the vessel that the crew were nearly suffocated. The attempt has been abandoned.

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to seven copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new publishing arrangements.

Nor will receipts from any other be acknowledged by us.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion—

☞ We have no travelling agent by the name of Winchester.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, assisted by *Moses Meeker, Jas. R. Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Humphreys and J. T. Dent.*

SAMUEL H. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Stevenson* and *John F. Johnson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LEWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the South and South-Western States and Florida, assisted by *James K. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, and Henry Platt.*

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, assisted by James Pierce.

JAS. F. EASTON is collecting for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BILLINGS, of Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies* may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

The History of Ireland: *Commencing with its earliest period, to the great expedition against Scotland, in 1545: By Thomas Moore.—Philadelphia, Lea & Blanchard.*—In a note the publishers state that the present volume contains all of Moore's Ireland, which has so far been written and published. In one volume, large 8vo., we have the three volumes of the London edition; and a second will be published as soon as it shall be received. Should the author never, however, complete the work, this volume is valuable and interesting so far as it goes. We hold it a duty of Irishmen to study earnestly the early history of their country; for the political disadvantages of the Island in later years have thrown too much into the shade the poetical passages in her early history, which are not exceeded in beauty by the history of the origin of any other nation. And if there be about Ireland's early history a character somewhat shadowy and legendary, it possesses that character in common with all such narrative; while it has the advantage and peculiarity of embodying peaceful legends, beautiful superstitions, and ennobling imagery, with less alloy of mere brute force and courage, than the infancy of almost any northern nation. To the attributes of the poet, Mr. Moore has joined an unexpected amount of antiquarian industry and research; he has turned out a work which every body in this country, settled so largely by Irishmen as it is, ought to read.

Democratic Review.—*Zieber & Co.* The June number of this valuable magazine is on our table, and abounds with matter of interest not only to the politician but to the general reader also. The reputation of the Review is fully sustained by the number before us, and in expressing this opinion, we feel that we are uttering no "faint praise." The work is embellished with an engraved portrait of Albert Gallatin, on steel, which all who know Mr. G. will acknowledge to be a most faithful likeness.

The thirteenth volume of this magazine will commence in July, and a continuance of the same punctuality and efficiency which have heretofore characterized the arrangements of its publication, is promised. The numbers for the ensuing year, besides embodying a large amount of the political and literary talent of the country, will be embellished with portraits of Mr. Ritchie, the veteran editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," Col. Johnson, Mr. Benton, Gen. Cass, Mr. Stephens, the American traveller, Col. Samuel Young, of New York, and other distinguished individuals—in addition to which, great improvements in the way of typographical embellishments are contemplated.

Froissart's Chronicles—*Philadelphia: G. B. Zieber & Co., W. H. Graham, and J. H. Van Yorx.*—Froissart's Chronicles! Who has not heard of Sir John Froissart—the Herodotus of English History? The same delightful and straight-forward simplicity of style—the same easy credulity in accepting and preserving the wonderful hear-says of his day—the same undoubted veracity in speaking of things which came within his own knowledge, are the characteristics of the English Chronicler, as of the Greek Historian. It is really refreshing to give one's self up to Sir John as to a romance, and for the hour, at any rate, to credit as implicitly what you read, as the author evidently did what he wrote. No puzzling comparison of authorities distracts the perusal—no provoking peradventures mar the probabilities—no suicidal skeptical notes are placed in the margin to be the death of the best part of the text. The history extends from 1326 to 1400, is embellished with over one hundred and twenty engravings, and will be completed in ten consecutive numbers. It is very neatly got up, in every respect.

The False Heir—*By G. P. R. James—New York: Harper & Brothers.*—It is one characteristic of James's Novels, worthy of all praise, that they can be placed with safety in the reach of any person old enough to read them. The author has never sacrificed the higher aims which should influence a writer, to the desire to get up a temporary interest, at the expense of his better principles; and his books generally are excellent comparisons to the history of the period during which his characters are supposed to exist. The novel under notice seems to be as well done as almost any of Mr. James's many books. It may be had here of Zieber & Co.; Perkins & Purves; W. H. Graham; and J. H. Van Yorx.

Campbell's Foreign Monthly Magazine, *for June—Philadelphia: James M. Campbell & Co.*—This is a number not containing so great a variety of articles as usual, but some of exceeding value and interest. Among these is a paper upon the Law of Nations, which appears as a review of Wheaton's History of the Progress of the Law of Nations, just published at Leipsic. To the author it is highly complimentary, and upon the subject the review is in itself a history. Some pleasant papers from the lighter English periodicals, for May, give relief to the number; and there are other papers of valuable import, beside that which we have so particularly noted.

History of the Emperor Napoleon, *By M. Laurent De L'Ardeche. Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton, 148 Chesnut Street.*—The fourth and concluding part of this pictorial life of Napoleon is now issued. In style it is lively and melo dramatic—almost a romance; and taken altogether, illustrations and letter press, it is curious and interesting as a French offering to a French idol. It is precisely the work that was needed to give the reader an opportunity, by comparison with English biographies, to form an impartial estimate of the man.

The Christian World. *A monthly publication, for all denominations of Christians, Thos. H. Stockton, Editor. Philadelphia: Drew & Scammell.*—This is truly a valuable work; and the edition shows exceeding good judgment in the selection of matter fitted to the reading of all protestant christians. The statistical information relative to organized philanthropic societies in the number under notice is exceedingly useful for reference.

Waterworth's History of the Reformation.—*Philadelphia, Fithian, North Second St.*—This work is to be published in six numbers, being in the form of six lectures. It is neatly printed, on good paper, and will be especially welcome to the Roman Catholic denomination of Christians, and to those who, upon questions of uninspired history, would compare the testimony of both parties, where two exist.

Sargent's New Monthly, for June, has been received by Zieber & Co. It contains the usual number of embellishments, all of which are creditable. A story by the editor, will be found in this day's paper.

Shakspeare.—Number Seven of the Harpers' complete edition of Shakespeare has been received by Perkins & Purves, and Zieber & Co. One more number completes the work.

Encyclopædia of Geography. *Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard.*—Part one of this work, commencing volume second is just published. The whole, when complete will form three large volumes, copious in letter press and illustrations. But the work has already received judgment of being the most complete description of the earth ever published.

The Rover is the title of a very well conducted New York Weekly Magazine, of which Colon is the Philadelphia publisher. It makes no claims to originality, but does give most excellent selections; and is, each week, embellished with a good engraving. Colon has also the continuation of "Tom Burke of Ours."

Bulletin of Medical Science. *Edited by John Bell, M. D. Philadelphia: Barrington & Haswell.*—The number for June is various and interesting, embracing among its contents a notice of the trial of McNaughter, and his acquittal, on the ground of insanity.

The Tailor's Apprentice.—*Philadelphia: Godey & McMichael.*—This is a powerfully written work, published in the cheap form. It is a picture of the sufferings to which dependents may be exposed in the hands of bad masters. It will command wide perusal.

The Farmer's Encyclopædia—*Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—Number Eight of this work, has a plate of hay grasses, in which are given fifteen varieties. With every number of the work its value becomes more apparent.

☞ We are indebted to Mr. Littell for a proof of his June Mezzotint; "Napoleon at St. Helena." It is a beautiful engraving.

☞ Colon has sent us Sears' New Monthly Family Magazine for June. It is abundantly illustrated with wood engravings.

☞ The third number of Mr. Frost's elegant Pictorial History of the United States has been published by Mr. Butler.

The Mirror is reviving its palmiest days in the hands of Morris and Willis. Success to the work!

"Windsor Castle," by Ainsworth, has been received by Graham, and Zieber & Co.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE ACADIA.

By the arrival of the steamship Acadia at Boston we have Liverpool dates down to the 19th of May—having made the passage in twelve days and a half. The most important items of news we proceed to quote.

The price of cotton at Liverpool had advanced one eighth to one quarter of a penny per pound. The London money market continues without any material change, though a small decline may be noticed in the prices of government securities, consols at present fluctuating between 95½ to 96. The cause of this decline is the effect upon the public mind of the recent transactions in Ireland with reference to the Repeal Legislation.

Ireland.

The movements of Mr. O'Connell and his friends with regard to the Repeal of the Union are exciting considerable alarm. Mr. O'Connell has remained at home and been engaged in arranging his plans, and great numbers of the Catholic Clergy are said to have joined his standard. The Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, in the two houses, have declared their intention of suppressing these disorders by force if necessary. Great numbers of troops have been ordered to Ireland, and a crisis seems to be rapidly approaching. O'Connell declares that though he will obey the existing laws, he will resist by force any new and unconstitutional enactments that may be passed against the Repeal movements.

From what Mr. O'Connell says on the one hand, and Sir Robert Peel on the other, it would appear that if the ministry and the agitator both keep their words, difficulty is inevitable. Sir Robert said in his place in Parliament, that if necessary the ministry would not hesitate to appeal to Parliament for "new and extraordinary powers."

Meanwhile a great number of repeal meetings continued to be held in various parts of the country. Two of the most striking were those on the 4th of May at Sligo, and on the 7th on the Curragh of Kildare, both attended by Mr. O'Connell. The numbers of the Sligo meeting are not stated; but it appears to have been a very large one, in spite of bad weather. The Mayor presided, and Mr. R. D. Brown, M. P., and J. P. Somers, M. P., were in Mr. O'Connell's train. Afterward, 170 repealers of Sligo entertained Mr. O'Connell at a banquet in the Hibernian Hotel. The meeting of Kildare, according to the Pilot, far exceeded in numbers that at the time of George the Fourth's visit, "long considered to bear away the palm from all Irish assemblies." A large force of soldiers and police was concentrated in the neighborhood; but the meeting was most orderly. After the meeting Mr. O'Connell and Mr. Steele were entertained at a public dinner in the Strand house. The number of troops in Ireland is in process of increase. A battalion of the sixtieth rifles arrived at Dublin on Tuesday; two other regiments are expected from England; and three in Ireland, under orders of removal to England, have been directed to remain.

At one of these meetings Dr. Higgins, Bishop of Ardagh declared as a fact of his own knowledge that every Catholic Bishop of Ireland was an ardent repealer—a declaration which was responded to with loud cheers. The speaker defied all the ministry of England to put down the agitation in his diocese alone. He said that the British ministry were too keen to permit Irishmen to have fair play even in dying for their country upon the scaffold, but that therefore "the bishops of Ireland and the people who co-operate with them, despite all human ingenuity, and all the malignity of British councils, have within their grasp the power to countervail their designs, and to carry out repeal in spite of every possible resistance."

At a repeal meeting held at the Corn Exchange in Dublin, Mr. O'Connell said, in reference to Sir Robt. Peel's declaration above referred to:

Coercion, indeed, was talked of; but let it once be begun, and what a response would come from every part of Ireland. (Cheers.) They should extinguish in the blood of the Irish people the last remnant of their liberty. (Tremendous cheering and waving of hats.) Peel told them—and he read the announcement with horror—that he was authorized to make this foul declaration by the Queen. It was a lie—a ministerial lie; they were the words of the Minister, not of the Queen. (Cheers.) They had coerced her to give them power; but she was coming to Ireland, God bless her. She was welcome; and from the moment she landed, every day, petitions bearing from 300,000 to 400,000 signatures would be presented to her, asking her to consider the question of a repeal of the Union. (Cheers.) On every wall she should see, in large letters, "Repeal." Whenever and wherever she appears, flags will be displayed, bearing as their inscription, a demand for repeal. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) They may talk of the dismemberment of the empire as they please, but the truth shall be told to the Queen. She should hear the shout of repeal on all sides. Not a day should pass over that petitions, bearing hundreds of thousands signatures, praying for repeal, should not be put into her hands. Let her once consent to it, and in twenty-five minutes the Union would be repealed. England never conquered us; she obtained a surrender of 80,000 disciplined troops, on the faith of a solemn treaty for securing our liberties; but that treaty was infamously broken. She took the value, and swindled us out of our rights. I tell Sir Robert Peel (continued Mr. O'Connell) that I belong to a nation of eight millions—that there are a million of Irishmen in England—and tell him that he dare not commence the strife against Ireland. (Cheers.)

Seventeen magistrates in Ireland have been dismissed for participatin in the repeal agitation. Daniel O'Connell, M. P. is among the number, as also is his eldest son.

A startling fact was announced at the meeting of the poor law guardians at Cork—that they were £30,000 in debt, £10,000 of which was due to their treasurer; the fact being that the collectors cannot get in the tax.

Parliamentary.

One topic of Parliamentary conversation has already been treated under the head of Ireland.

The Corn Law Question came up on the 9th of May, on a motion of Mr. Villiers, for a committee of the whole House on the Corn Laws. The debate was carried through five nights, and ended in a rejection of the motion—yeas 125, nays 138.

The Budget for the year states the amount of income tax received for the year ending in April, at £2,456,000; the Chancellor, however, estimates the annual net produce of the tax at £3,100,000. The estimate of Sir Robert Peel was £3,991,000. There are two extra charges not likely to recur, the £1,-250,000 for the payment of opium confiscated in China, and another payment of £800,600 to the E. I. Company. For these sums provision is made by a note of credit on the $15,000,000 to which the Chinese Government are bound by treaty. Looking to the forthcoming year the Chancellor estimates the income at £50,150,000, and the expenditure at £49,-383,000, which would leave a surplus of £760,000. His calculation of the produce of the customs for the ensuing year was less than the produce of the past, for he only calculated on receiving £19,000,000, whereas the produce of last year had been £20,-759,000.

General.

American 'repudiation' still forms a standing theme in monetary circles and in the newspapers. A project is on foot for addressing the Legislature of every State in the Union which has repudiated—with what effect remains to be seen. A petition to Congress by the celebrated and witty divine, the Rev. Sidney Smith, appears in the papers.

The Times of the 13th, announces a seizure of 400 bales of American manufactured goods, entered from on board the ship Niagara, and "bearing an English manufacturer's mark!" All the goods were entered by the firm of Baring & Brothers, for the firm of Taylor & Bele. The mark which led to the seizure was "Manchester, N. H," but there was little doubt of the restoration of the goods.

A fire at Liverpool destroyed several warehouses belonging to the trustees of the late Duke of Buckingham. Loss estimated at £20,000.

An association has been formed for the suppression of duelling. It consists of 326 members, including 15 Members of Parliament, 30 Admirals and Generals, 44 Captains, R. N., 23 Colonels, &c.

A subscription has been started by the friends of Harriet Martineau in her behalf. Her health precludes literary exertion.

Lord Fitzgerald, formerly M. P., died at London, a few weeks since.

The annual income of the corporation of the city of London is £156,000; the total expenditure of all kinds, feasting not included, £150,979.

The Court Journal states that Prince Albert is to be Governor and Constable of Windsor Castle, *vice* the Duke of Sussex, deceased.

In the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 5th ult. Cooper and Richards, the Chartist leaders, received sentence on their conviction of sedition at Stafford—Cooper to imprisonment for two years; Richards, an aged man, for one year.

The firm of Ackerman & Co., printsellers in the Strand, and successors to the late celebrated Rudolph Askerman, who have produced so many beautiful works of art, have recently stopped payment. Their liabilities amount to £35,000. Heavy losses sustained in North America are assigned as the principal cause of their failure.

Continental.

France.—In the Chamber of Peers, a debate arose as to the comparative conditions, during their exile in France, of Don Carlos and of the ex-queen of Spain. The only fact elicited in the discussion is, that Carlos is living in penury and seclusion, and that the ex-Queen is ruralizing in splendor and at ease.

The notorious Vidocq has been convicted at Paris of swindling, and sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

The French Government have fully determined, it is said, upon sending out a squadron to the Chinese seas, which will be placed under the command of a Rear-Admiral, for the purpose of forwarding the commercial and political relations of France with the Celestial Empire.

The *Gazette de France* contains the details of a frightful accident to 50 workmen employed on the fortifications of Mount Valerien, who had been buried by the falling in of a large bank of earth. None of the sufferers had been taken out alive.

The Uranie frigate, 60 guns, Captain Bruat, left Toulon on the 4th, for the Marquesas Islands, with 140 passengers, including a bishop and several other ecclesiastics as missionaries, a non-commissioned officer of the Municipal Guard of Paris appointed to establish a company of these guards in the islands, and also a great many artisans, with a large quantity of stores.

Spain.—The Spanish Ministry has been beaten upon the Address. The Regent after complimenting them on "their devotion, patriotism, and the distinguished manner which they had fulfilled their duties," accepted their resignation.

M. Lopez is the new appointed Premier—Espartero is thoroughly satisfied with the recent promotions.

Fire at Lisbon.—The College of Nelles, founded by the Jesuits, some two hundred years since, and which was considered to be one of the finest buildings of which Lisbon could boast, has been utterly destroyed by fire.

A fatal accident happened on the Liege Railroad, on the second ultimo, of which the Brussels journals give the particulars. The contents of one of the baggage cars were discovered to be on fire, by one of the guards who immediately gave the signal to stop. The passengers, on looking out and seeing the fire became alarmed, and attempted to escape before the train came to a full stop. Four or five were killed, and fifteen or sixteen severely injured.

India.

The Indian Mail of April 1st, brings a confirmation of the brilliant successes of Sir Charles Napier in Scinde, in the capital of which treasure and jewels to an amount considerably exceeding one million sterling have been discovered. Doubts have been ascertained whether this treasure is to be considered prize money. Lord Ellenborough has declared, according to rumor, in favor of the gallant army that won the city of Hyderabad. The matter had been referred to the Queen in Council. In the meantime the Governor General has declared Scinde to be a British province, and appointed Sir C. Napier to be the Governor; and also declared all transit duties abolished, and the Indus open to the ships of all nations.

China.

We find in our English papers the following intelligence from the East. The news from China extends to the 21st of February. The Emperor has ordered an investigation into the murders of the crews of the Ann and Nerbudda, at Formosa. Nothing had been done in the arrangements of the commercial treaty, for the British Plenipotentiary appeared to be waiting for the treaty, as ratified by her Majesty. The Chinese Commissioner and he were on good terms. Doubts are said to exist of the durability of any arrangement now entered into. The Chinese were busy in repairing all their forts, and in strengthening their positions in the different places attacked last year. At Canton some dissatisfaction still prevailed.

Later intelligence, received from China direct, adds nothing to this, except that another attack upon the factories was feared.

Algiers.

The French have achieved another victory in Algiers. After much marching and counter-marching, and the loss of upward of thirty men, they have succeeded in taking the city of Tenez. Gen. Bugeaud, after inspecting the ruins of the ancient Roman city, "which," he says, "were of considerable extent," chose the spot on which the new city should be erected.

Religious Intelligence.

Episcopal Conventions.—The convention of the Diocese of Maryland adjourned on Friday last. The Bishop's address, concurred in by the Standing Committee, represents the Diocese as presenting an encouraging advancement in its general state; a large increase in the number of communicants; liberality towards ecclesiastical objects, particularly missions; and an extending observance of the festivals, fasts, and week day services of the church.

The Annual New Jersey Convention adjourned on Thursday, after two days session. More than usually full delegations were present from the respective parishes, and the condition of the Diocese would appear from the proceedings, to be highly prosperous.

Massachusetts Missionary Society.—The report made at the forty-fourth anniversary of this Society states that the receipts during the year, (including balance of $1854 in treasury,) were $17,740 54. Of this sum $8409 3 have been expended in this State, and $6004 75 have gone to the treasury of the Parent Society. The whole amount furnished to the cause of Home Missions, during the year, by Massachusetts, was $28,669 17—an excess of $6,-142 60 over the preceding year. In this State 71 churches have received aid from the Society's funds.

The Bible Cause.—We see it stated in an English paper that the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society lately took place in Exeter Hall, Lord Bexley in the Chair. The total receipts from all sources were $92,476 2s. 8d.; total number of Bibles and Testaments issued 982,060, and since the commencement of the society in 1804, 15,020,-984.

Friends' Yearly Meetings.—The yearly meetings of the two denominations of Friends, were in session in New York, during the last week. The sessions have been characterized with kind feeling and more than ordinary interest. Both meetings adjourned on Friday.

New England Sabbath Schools.—The number of Baptist Sabbath Schools in the six New England States is 662; scholars, 56,515; volumes in the library, 118,019.

☞ The Corner-Stone of a new Baptist Church was laid in Baltimore, on Thursday of last week.

☞ The new church of St. Mary, at Cincinnati, is nearly completed. It is adorned with a handsome steeple, which will contain a chime of bells, the smallest of which will weigh three hundred pounds, and the largest three thousand pounds. The bells were cast by Mr. Coffin, of Cincinnati.

Boston Episcopal City Mission.—A distinguished and wealthy Episcopalian, of Boston, having offered to erect, at his own expense, a Chapel for this Society, measures are about being taken to procure a suitable site, and erect the Chapel.

Baptism.—The Rev. A. D. Gillette, pastor of the Eleventh Baptist Church, Philadelphia, immersed twelve persons on Sunday morning, all of whom, we understand, in the afternoon became members of said church.

New Church.—The corner stone of a new Catholic Church was laid at Troy on Wednesday morning week. The church is to cost about $20,000.

New Jerusalem Church.—The Annual Convention of this church met at Cincinnati on the 29th ult. A large number of delegates were present.

REPORTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST.

PLACES OF PUBLIC WORSHIP OPEN ON SUNDAY EVENING, JUNE 11th.

Protestant Episcopal.—Grace Church, Twelfth and Cherry. Saint Luke's Church, Thirteenth below Spruce street. Church of the Ascension, Lombard above Eleventh street. St. Timothy's Church, Spring Garden street below Twelfth. Saint John's Church, corner of Brown and Saint John. Advent Church, (in Temperance Hall) Third street below Green. Emanuel Church, Marlborough street near Prince, Kensington. Trinity Church, Catharine street above Second. Church of the Evangelists, Fifth street above Catharine. Church of the Messiah, Fifth street below Carpenter. Saint Matthew's Church, Francisville. Saint Mary's Church, Hamiltonville.

Presbyterian—Old School.—Fourth Church, Twelfth and Lombard street. Seventh Church, Penn Square.

Presbyterian—New School.—First Church, Washington Square. Western Church, corner of Filbert and Schuylkill Sixth streets. Eleventh Church, Vine above Twelfth street. First Church, Northern Liberties, Buttonwood street below Sixth. First Church, Southwark, German street below Third. First Church, Fairmount. Hamiltonville Church.

German Reformed.—German Reformed Church, Race street below Fourth.

Dutch Reformed.—First Church, Crown street near Race.

Lutheran.—Saint Matthew's Church, New street below Fourth.

Methodist Episcopal.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Methodist Protestant.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Baptist.—All open but the First Church.

Unitarian.—First Church, corner of Tenth and Locust streets.

Universalist.—All open on Sunday Evening.

Disciples of Christ.—Disciples' Meeting House, corner of Fifth and Gaskill streets. Congregation of Disciples, (Vigilant Hall) Race street below Second.

Christian.—Christian Chapel, Christian street below Sixth.

Swedenborgian.—New Jerusalem Chapel, 4th street below German.

Mormon.—Meeting House, Julianna street above Wood.

Mariners.—Mariners' Church, Water street below Walnut. Bethel, corner of Shippen and Swanson streets.

African.—First Presbyterian Church, Seventh street below Fitzwater. Methodist Bethel, Sixth street above Lombard. Wesley Chapel, Lombard street below Sixth. Union Methodist Church, Coates street below Old York Road. Zoar Methodist Church, Brown street near Fourth. Union Baptist Church, Little Pine street near Seventh.

Jayne's Hair Tonic.—This is an article which, in a great many, if not in all cases, appears to answer the purpose for which it is manufactured, and to strengthen the growth and improve the health of the human hair. Its claims are at any rate worth the examination of those interested.

From the Wayne County Record, published at Centreville, Indiana, we extract the following notice of Dr. Rose's Book on Consumption.

CONSUMPTION CURABLE.

A Practical Treatise to prove Consumption a Manageable Disease; with Cases successfully treated, under a new mode in this country, by J. S. Rose, M. D. The above is the title of a new work, containing 172 pages, which we lately received from the publisher, W. *Sloanaker*, No. 98, Chesnut street, Philadelphia. We have given the work an attentive perusal, and although, in a Medical point of view, we are unqualified to give an opinion on its merits, yet, so far as our opinion is entitled to any weight, we would say that the work is one of great value, and is well worthy the attention of the profession. Since the days of *Æsculapius*, the Father of Medicine, Consumption has been set down by the Medical Profession as incurable. All that human skill attempted to do was, by administering expectorants and anodynes, to make the transit of the afflicted one to the tomb as easy as possible.

Not satisfied with the uniform answer given by Physicians, that Consumption is incurable, Doctor Rose has, for several years past, made this disease his particular study, and the work now before us is the result of his observations and practice. He says that out of one hundred and twenty-seven cases treated by him in the last seven years, he has cured sixty-three. Seventeen died above the age of fifty years, and forty-seven were incurable from the extent of disease, having tubercles on the coats of the bowels, and consequent diarrhœa.

The common estimate gives one fourth of the deaths which annually occur as consequent on Pulmonary Consumption. If this estimate be true, Consumption may be viewed as one of the most prolific sources of Death in our country. If, however, a treatment of this hitherto deemed incurable disease has been discovered, which, if taken in time, will render it manageable, then, indeed, has genius achieved a triumph over this most insidious foe of the human race.

We would especially recommend this work to the attention of the Medical Profession. It can be sent by mail at pamphlet postage. The price is Fifty Cents for a single copy. One Dollar, sent free of postage, will procure three copies. Address WILLIAM SLOANAKER, No. 98, Chesnut Street, Philadelphia, who also has for sale all the remedies used by the Doctor, with full directions.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.—Fever is one of the most frequent and dangerous diseases to which the human body is liable. Its first impression is upon the nervous system, then the vessels of the skin become changed, producing dryness and burning heat. After this the general system is involved, and the patient sinks beneath the attack unless relieved by appropriate remedies. Noxious effluvia and various miasms are the cause of fever, being infused throughout the atmosphere and then breathed into the lungs, when the poison combines with the impure fluids of the body, and is carried by the circulating organs to the remotest ramifications of the system. If then the animal frame is kept in a perfect sound and healthy state, and every organ performing its functions, properly, there can be no union of the predisposing cause, which is the noxious effluvia or marsh miasm, with the exciting, which is an impure state of the blood and depraved condition of the general constitution, and consequently no disease. From actual experiment in various instances it is proved that Sands' Sarsaparilla is of itself a prophylactic or preventive against disease, by removing the exciting causes, when there is nothing left to bring on an attack. Its peculiar operation is that of an alterative directly, indirectly proving a lasting tonic to the system. By its use the health of the patient becomes fully established, as it invigorates all the powers of nature, causing increased energy to the nervous system.

For particulars see advertisements in the city papers.

Prepared and sold by A. B. Sands & Co., Druggists and Chemists, No. 273 Broadway, N. Y. Sold in Philadelphia by S. P. Thompson, corner 5th and Spruce sts.; by Dr. D. Jayne, 20 South 3d st., F. Klett & Co., corner Second and Callowhill sts., and Frederick Brown, N. E. corner of Fifth and Chesnut sts. Price, $1 per bottle; 6 bottles for $5.

[From the Summerville (N. J.) Whig.]

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Summerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered, to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is a greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

Jas. O. Rogers, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Summerset Co., N. J.

Prepared only by Doctor D. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia. Price $1.

"The Doctors have given up," is a common expression when the physicians have surrendered a patient to his fate, because they considered him beyond the reach of medicine. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant has restored to health multitudes who have been thus coolly doomed to the grave; as the testimonials of cures will show. There is no disease of the throat, lungs or chest, for which it is not a certain remedy if taken in time, and even those whom "the Doctors have given up," may, in many instances, be cured by it.

Prepared and sold by Dr. Jayne, No. 20 South Third street, Philadelphia.

Chills and Fevers.—Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a certain cure for Fever and Ague, because they purge from the body those bilious humors which are the cause not only of all kind of *Fevers*, but of every malady incident to man. From four to six of said Indian Vegetable Pills, taking six hours preceding every chill, will, in a short time, subdue the most obstinate attack of Chills and Fever, and at the same time the digestive organs will be restored to a healthy tone, and the body so completely invigorated, that fever and ague, or indeed any other malady, will be in a manner impossible.

Beware of Counterfeits.—The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by W. & J. H. Keim, North Fifth street, Reading, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

N. B. The genuine medicine, can with certainty, be obtained from Messrs. J. W. Ringler & Co., Grocers, and Messrs. Stichter & McKnight, Reading, Pa., and also, at the offices, No. 169 Race St. Philadelphia; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

Remember, none are right except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

The Markets.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for,
1446	shares	Girard Bank,	5¼a6¼
674	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	2¼a2¾
258	do.	Wilmington R. R.	11½a11¾
178	do.	United States Bank,	6a6¼
50	do.	Union Bank, Tenn.	55
30	do.	Southern Trust Co	6
13	do.	Trenton R. R	75
12	do.	Man. & Mec. Bank,	15
10	do.	Phœnix Insurance Co	70
8	do.	North America Bank,	303
6	do.	Girard Trust Co.	20
5	do.	Far. & Mechanics Bank,	34
2	do.	Mechanics Bank,	19¼
$52,046 75		State 5's, 1846-59-64 65a70	45a47½
$1200		State 6's, 1846, annual,	47
$3500		Wilmington R. R. 6's, 1855a58,	73a73½
$1000		Lehigh Mortgage 6's,	69
$1000		St. Louis 10 per ct.	100½
$1000		Reading R. R. 6 per ct. Bond,	56½
$2000		Chesapeake and Del. Canal 6's,	24
$1165		Camden & Amboy R. R. Bonds,	90

Philadelphia Market.

Remarks—Since our last report the market has been rather inactive. Some arrivals have taken place of sugar and molasses, but we learn of no sales. In flour and grain the amount of sales has been limited, owing perhaps to the disproportion between the price of wheat and that of flour, and there being a small demand for exportation.

Grain—Wheat—A sale of a small lot of mixed was made at 115, sales of others at 113½ and 112½, and a cargo of fair at 110 cts, afloat. 800 bushels of Lehigh, light, were sold afloat at 108 cents, and 1500 of Susquehanna in store at 110 cts, which appears to be the general price; for Southern $1. Rye—A sale of about 500 bushels was made at 62 cents; Pa is quoted at 63, and southern at 56 cts. Corn—Some sales of round yellow at 57, and of flat at 55; Delaware yellow 55; white 52 a53c. Oats—Sales of southern at 31a32, and Pa at 33 a34 cts.

Flour—Wheat—The holders are firm at $5 for ordinary brands, $5.25 to $5.50 for better. About 2000 bbls, of which 800 were Ohio, have been sold at $5. Rye Flour—Sales at $3.12½. Corn Meal—Pa has been sold at $2.75, and also 400 bbls at $2.80. There has been a sale of 80 hhds of Brandywine at $12.50.

Provisions—Pork is very scarce, and it has again advanced in price. Sales of mess at $10,25 a 10,50, and prime at $8.25a8.50 per bbl, now held higher. Bacon fully supports our late quotations, but the demand has become less active. A sale of good No 1 western lard at 7 cts per lb, on time.

Sugar—Prices have advanced ¼ to ½ ct within a week, and there is not much desire among holders to effect sales. About 400 hhds Porto Rico have changed hands at from 6¼ to 7¼ cts per lb. part from store. 250 boxes Havana brown at a price not reported, and 260 boxes Matanzas at 7¾ cts.

Salt—A sale of a cargo of Turks Island, price not disclosed, quoted at 28c.

Molasses—Sales of New Orleans at 23 and Porto Rico at 25 cts, 4 mos.

Lumber—Sales of 100,000 feet white pine boards at $10 to $28.

Spirits of Turpentine—A small decline, 37 to 38 cts.

Fruit—A sale of 325 boxes bunch Raisins at $1.65.

Whiskey—Sales of 300 bbls at 25 cts per gallon.

Coffee—Sale of 50 bags Laguayra at 7¾c.

Plaster—Cargo sales at $2 per ton.

Cattle Markets.

Philadelphia.—Beeves—1043 beeves in market, 948 from Ohio, 520 went to N. Y. Sales were made at 5½ to 6¼ cts, extra 6¾ cts, 52 left over. Cows and Calves—380 in market, sales at $13a$22, extra $30, springers $11a$18. Dry cows $5a$9. Calves sold at $1a$1.50, extra $2.50, live weight 2a2¾ cts. Hogs—250 hogs—Sales were made at 4a4¼ cts, extra 4½ cents. Sheep—876 in market—Sales at $3a4.25.

New York, June 5.—At market, 1000 beef cattle, 750 from the south, 100 cows and calves, and 600 sheep. Prices—Beef cattle went off slowly, and last week's prices were obtained with difficulty. We give as the range of retailing qualities $5 to $6,50 to $6.75, with a few choice lots at $7. 350 unsold. Cows and Calves—All but 30 taken at $14a$20 to $27, which is a decline. Sheep—Sales of 550 at $1.50 to $2,75 to $1,50 for a few extra wethers.

Baltimore, June 5.—Cattle—The offerings of beef cattle embraced 300 head. Sales to the butchers of 180 head at $4.50a5,75 net.

Trade and Business.

Baltimore, June 6.—Flour—There is very little demand for Howard street flour, and no sales to-day. Holders offer to sell at $5,18¾ without finding buyers. Receipt price $5. No sales in city mills. It would bring $5.50. No Susquehanna flour in market. A sale of Pa rye flour at $3.25. Grain—Wheat continues in active demand, and the price has further advanced. Sales to-day of 4600 bus Pa red at $1.17a1.18 for prime parcels down to $1,05 those containing smut. Two or three lots of Md red sold at 95a$1.12½. About 2000 bush Pa yellow corn sold to-day at 54a55 cts. Sales of Maryland yellow at 54, and white at 54a55 cts. Sales of Pa rye at 60 cts, and of Md at 50a55 cts. Md oats 27, and Pa 29a30 cts. Provisions—There is an improved feeling for pork, sales of mess at $10.50 cash. Whiskey—Prices have advanced. Sales to day of bbls at 26a27 cts. Hhds are worth 25 cts.

New York, June 6.—There is a little more activity in the cotton market, the sales to-day amount to 1000 bales at former prices. Flour is rather heavy, although the demand is good. Genessee is sold at $5,25a5,31; Michigan $5¼a5 3-16, Ohio $5a5,12½ in round hoops, and $5¼ a6¼ in flat; Georgetown and Baltimore Howard street is offered at $5¼a5.25. 8000 bushels oats sold at 29½a30 cts. A cargo of N. Orleans corn 58c, and 1000 do Jersey at 59c, weight. Brandywine corn meal in hhds sells freely at $3.25. Whiskey is in fair demand at 23c in casks and 24c in bbls. Ashes are in demand at $4¼ for pots and $5⅝ for pearls. An invoice of teas, per Zenobia, was offered at auction, and sold at a shade below former prices. 3000 bags of Rio coffee were offered, but only a few sold at 7¼a7½c, when the balance was withdrawn for higher prices.

Boston, June 3.—Flour—A further large advance has taken place on all descriptions; the demand is quite brisk and the stock light; sales of 500 bbls Fredericksburg extra for export, at $5.62 per bbl. cash, 3a400 do Georgetown $5.25, 5.37 and 5.50, cash, closing rates for Genessee common brands $5,37a5.50. Ohio via Philada. $5.25, cash; sales of 300 barrels rye flour $3,25 cash. The market closes very firm, with a good demand, prices however are in a great measure nominal. Grain—Southern yellow flat 58a59 cts. No recent sales of white. Sales of southern oats of good quality, and northern at 31a32 cts, cash.

Charleston, June 3.—Cotton—The demand for Upland has been fair, and prices are now firm; receipts light, week's sales 5705 bales, viz. 2964 at 4¼a5½ cents, 2531 at 6a6¼, and the balance at 7a7½ cts. receipts 3207 bales, exported 3633, including 140 to Philada; stock on hand 16,452 bales. Rice has been in good demand, and prices have advanced; sales of 1418 tcs at 1 7-16a2½ cts, cleared 2281 tcs, including 38 to Philada. Grain—Sales of corn at 59a65 cts. 100 bbls Philada hay have been received, but no sales. Flour is in better demand and the stock being light, prices have advanced to $5,-25a5.75 per bbl.

St. Louis, May 27.—Flour and grain. Sales have been made at $3.50 for superfine, and $3.60 has been offered this morning for good brands and refused. Hemp—Haulers have been enabled to obtain for several small lots $3, the demand continues good, with an upward tendency; $3 was offered this morning for a lot of 22 bales and refused. Lead is steadily advancing; we notice sales yesterday to the amount of 4000 pigs at $2,-68a2.70, a lot of 1000 pigs was sold this morning at $2.75.

Cincinnati, June 2.—Flour—Receipts at canal light yesterday; sales $3.63. One boat load from the Franklin mills was limited at $4, and stored. Several flat boats are beginning to load, after waiting a long time for prices to recede. Sales from wagons also at $3.62. City mills generally holding at $4, but some have sold rather lower. Whiskey—Moderate sales only at 16½c. Bacon—We noticed several large sales of hog round from wagons at $3.62 per cwt.

Savannah, June 2.—Cotton—Arrived 733 bales, cleared 5488, stock on hand 15,875 bales, the demand has been active, and Upland is ⅛a¼ ct higher, sales of 1412 bales, viz. 592 at 4½a5½ cts. 817 at 6a6¾, and the balance at 7 cts. Rice has been in fair demand with a light stock on sale, 404 casks have been taken at 1¾a2¼ cts per lb. Exchange is without change. Freights are dull at 5-16 add for cotton per lb to Liverpool.

Pittsburg, June 2.—Flour—The advance in the eastern markets has caused an advance here. Sales of 8000 bbls at $3.50a3.70. Grain—Wheat is in brisk demand and sales are readily effected at 56¼a60 cts. Bacon is firm, with sales at 3¼a4 cents for hog round, sides 4a4½, and hams 5a5½ cents. Iron—Sales of bloom at $45a46 per ton; sales of 1500 tons pig metal at $20, 6 mos.

Toledo, May 24.—Our market for wheat and flour is quite dull, and operators have reduced their prices some. We quote wheat from canal boats at 60a61. Flour $3.25 a3.30, very little of either for sale. Pork, $5.50a7.50, hams, smoked $4a5 per 100 lbs, lard 5 cts.

New Bedford Oil Market, May 29.—Sperm. The sales indicate a slight though decided improvement. 500 bbls sold at 57 cts, and 68 bbls at 58 cts, holders firm at 60 cts. Whale, nothing doing. We hear of one sale of 300 bbls at 33 cts cash.

Nantucket Oil Market, May 26.—Ship Zone's cargo 2060 bbls sperm oil was sold a few days since at 59½a60 cts cash, 700 bbls at 32a33½ cts.

Augusta, June 2.—Cotton—We quote extremes of the market at 4¼a6¾ cts, principal sales at from 5¼a6 cts.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, MINERS, CHEMISTS, ENGINEERS, LAWYERS, BROKERS, &c.

GEO. S. APPLETON, 148 Chesnut street, opposite the Arcade, has just published a Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures and Mines, containing a clear exposition of their principles and practice. By Andrew Ure, M. D. F. R. S. etc. etc. Illustrated with 1240 engravings.

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The work may be had complete, strongly bound in leather, price five dollars, or if preferred in two volumes, at $5.50.

ALMANAC.

June, 1843.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases.
10 Saturday,	4 37	7 24	12 38	
11 Sunday,	4 37	7 23	1 27	D. H. M.
12 Monday,	4 36	7 24	2 15	
13 Tuesday,	4 36	7 24	3 4	
14 Wednes.	4 36	7 24	4 1	First 5 9 36
15 Thursday,	4 36	7 24	4 54	Full 12 2 10
16 Friday,	4 35	7 23	5 41	L'st 19 3 29
17 Saturday,	4 35	7 25	6 27	New 27 2 16

Married,

On the 3d inst. by the Rev. Thomas H. Quinan, Mr. John B. Bond, to Miss Jane Waddell, both of Moyamensing.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. W. A. Wiggins, Mr. Richard R. Young, to Miss Elizabeth Cressman, all of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Suddards, H. A. Peirsol, to Margaret T. daughter of Robt. T. Evans, both of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. J. Pardee, Gilbert R. Fleming, of N. York, to Mary Lisle, of Wilmington, Del.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Charles Williamson, John Usher, to Mary R. Richardson, both of this city.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. E. Covel, Mr. George Cline of Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss Hannah Winkle, of Philadelphia.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Chambers, Mr. John Ross, to Miss Ellen E. Thompson, both of this city.

On the 1st instant, by the Rev. Matthew Sorin, Mr. David Conrade, to Catharine J. Jones, both of Southwark.

On the 1st inst. by Alderman G. W. Ash, Thomas Cowden, Jr. to Catharine A. Fulmer, both of Montgomery county.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. T. L. Janeway, Francis J. Steel, M. D. to Miss Frances, daughter of Mr. Robert Wallace, all of Philada.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. Wm. A. Brooke, Mr. Elisha G. Tatman, of Baltimore, Md. to Miss Phebe B. Rodan, of Dennisville, Cape May, N. J.

On the 30th ultimo, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. Joseph B. Cooper, to Miss Ann M. Amies, all of this city.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Walter Proctor, Peter R. Brake, to Rebecca Waterford, both of this city.

On the 30th ult. by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, the Rev. Wm. H. Elliott, of the Philadelphia Annual Conference, to Miss Sarah E. Smith, daughter of the Rev. James Smith, of the Philada. Conference, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Coleman, J. Jenkins Ross, Esq. to Anne E. daughter of the late Capt. Robt. Rae, of this city.

In Boston, on the 30th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Edward L. Keyes, to Lucy, daughter of the late Col. A. S. Brooks, U. S. A.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Moses Williamson, of Cape May, N. J., Jos. B. Hughes, merchant, to Mary A. Moody, only daughter of Paul Moody, Esq. all of this city.

On the 31st ult. by the Rev. Dr. Dorr, James A. Parker, of Georgetown, Del. to Miss Hannah M. Gardner, daughter of the late Geo. R. Gardner, merchant, of Philadelphia.

On the 12th March last, by the Rev. J. L. Burrows, Mr. James L. McGowan, to Miss Margaret J. Cook, both of this city.

In Worcester, Mass. on the 24th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Brazer, of Salem, Hon. Mahlon D. Canfield, of N. J. to Miss Penelope S. daughter of the Hon. Levi Lincoln.

Died,

At Germantown, Mrs. Elizabeth H. Cantor.

On the 5th inst. Emma Matilda, daughter of John and Dorothea Morris, aged 8 years and 3 months.

On the 3d instant, at the Institution of the Sisters of Charity, near Emmittsburg, Md., Sister Mary Maurice, eldest daughter of Wm. Whelan, Esq. of this city.

On the 4th inst. Mrs. Eliza Conway, wife of Chas. Conway, in the 50th year of her age.

On the 5th inst. Mr. Jacob Neisser, in the 67th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. after a protracted illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Wildgee, in the 64th year of her age.

On the 4th inst. Ezekiel Reed.

On the 5th inst. after a lingering illness, Mark Sherwood, in the 20th year of his age.

On the 5th inst. Thos. Wakeham, infant son of Eli and Mary Burs.

On the 4th inst. Virginia Wiles, daughter of James and Sarah Davenport, aged 3½ years.

On the 2d instant, Philip, infant son of Philip I. and Margaret A. Smith.

On the 31st ult. Henry H. Ginna, aged 2 years, son of Jesse Ginna, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 3d inst. after a short illness, Elizabeth, daughter of the late Robert Gaw, Esq.

In N. Y. on the 3d inst. Hezekiah W. Bonnel, Alderman of the 13th Ward, in that city.

At Tiverton, N. Y. on the 2d inst. Thomas Wilcox, aged 85 years.

On the 2d inst. of scarlet fever, Matilda, daughter of H. Wm. and Margaret Echternauch, aged 16 months.

On the 31st ult. Mrs. Rebecca Frame, in the 78th year of her age.

On the 30th ult. Mrs. Abigail Emerick, wife of Geo. Emerick, aged about 24 years.

On the 1st inst. after a protracted illness Mr. Mary Delavau, wife of James Delavau, in the 30th year of her age.

On the 1st inst. Mrs. Harriet Glover, wife of Joe Glover, in the 38th year of her age.

On the 2d inst. Mr. George Mull, in the 36th year of his age.

On the 2d inst. of consumption, Mary C. Wise, late of Accomac county, Va. aged 15 years.

On the 3d inst. Mrs. Harriet Mills, aged 48 years.

On the 4th inst. David Oliphant, in the 40th year of his age.

On the 4th inst. Margaret Jane, only daughter of the late Dr. George Love, of Dungiven, county Derry, Ireland, in the 17th year of her age.

On the 3d inst. of dropsy of the head, Anna Maria, aged 9 months, infant daughter of Ellen and Henry Hartman.

On the 31st ult. John A. Stratton, infant son of Jacob and Margaret Mierly, aged 7 months and 11 days.

In Washington city, on the 25th ult. Cary Seldon, Esq. in the 61st year of his age.

On the 1st inst. Elizabeth, infant daughter of Philip S. and Mary Clawges.

In Reading, on the 3d inst. after a short illness, in the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Nancy D. O'Brien Richards, wife of John S. Richards, Esq. of that place.

On the 25th March, at Genoa, Lady Erskine, wife of Lord Erskine, her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Munich, and daughter of Gen. Cadwallader, of Philada.

On the 30th ult. at the residence of his brother, near Darby, David Sloan, aged 41 years.

In Baltimore, on the 21th ult. after a long and protracted illness, Bushrod W. Craufurd, of Greenwood, Prince George's county, Md.

At his residence in Salina, N. Y. on the 16th ultimo, Andrew Phares, Esq. at the advanced age of 81 years, a Revolutionary soldier.

HEALTH OFFICE, JUNE 3, 1843.

INTERMENTS

In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington, From the 27th of May to the 3d of June.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Abscess,	1	0	Brought over,	20	25
Apoplexy,	1	0	Fever, Puerperal,	2	0
Atrophy,	1	1	——Scarlet,	0	7
——Heart,	1	0	——Typhoid,	1	2
Cancer,	1	0	Hæmorrhage,	1	0
——Uterus,	1	0	——Uterus,	1	0
Caries of Spine,	1	0	Inflammation of the Brain,	1	0
Croup,	0	2	——Bronchi,	0	3
Congestion of the Brain,	0	1	——Lungs,	1	0
Colic,	0	1	Inflammation of the Stomach,	1	0
Consumption of the Lungs,	8	4	——Bowels,	1	0
Convulsions,	0	5	——Peritonæum,	1	0
Constipation,	0	1	Insanity,	1	0
Diarrhœa,	2	0	Morbus Cœruleus,	0	1
Dropsy,	1	0	Old Age,	1	0
——Head,	0	4	Palsy,	1	0
——Breast,	0	1	Pneumothorax,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Sore Throat,	0	2
Debility,	0	4	Small Pox,	0	1
Epilepsy,	0	1	Still Born,	0	7
Erysipelas,	0	1	Unknown,	2	1
Fracture,	1	0			
Carried over,	20	25	Total, 87—	36	51

Of the above there were 4 from the almshouse, and 5 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
May 28,	56	62	62
29,	52	53	55
30,	58	65	72
31,	55	58	60
June 1,	50	56	57
2,	52	60	68
3,	69	76	71

98 ALL THE MAGAZINES FOR JUNE 98

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GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for June,	3 " "
SNOWDEN'S LADIES' COMPANION for June,	3 " "
SARGENT'S MAGAZINE for June,	3 " "
PETERSON'S BOOK, Artist and Lady's World, for June,	2 " "
SEAR'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE,	2 " "
THE KNICKERBOCKER for June,	5 " "
CAMPBELL'S FOREIGN MONTHLY,	5 " "
DEMOCRATIC REVIEW,	5 " "
LITTELL'S MUSEUM,	6 " "
HUNT'S MERCHANTS' MAGAZINE,	5 " "
BOYS' and GIRLS' MAGAZINE, for youth,	1 " "
PARLEY'S MAGAZINE, for youth,	1 " "

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The Sultan of Muscat has recommended Sherman's Lozenges to his subjects as the pleasantest and best medicine in use.

The Rev. Mr. Dunbar of the McDougall Street Church, recommended them to his congregation. The Cough Lozenges cured him of a very bad cough in a few hours.

Mr. Edward Phalon, the celebrated hair dresser, No. 214 Broadway, has known Sherman's Camphor Lozenges cure dozens of persons of sea sickness in a few minutes. They are a perfect preventive and remedy for headache, palpitation, lowness of spirits, despondency, etc.

Daniel H. Frye, Esq., clerk in the Upper Police Office, has used Sherman's Lozenges in his family for four years with the greatest benefit; never failing to cure the worst cases of coughs, colds, headache, worms, etc.

Jim Grant, State barber, No. 4 Ann street, has found more benefit from Sherman's Lozenges than any thing else. He has known more than fifty of his friends who have been cured of coughs or headaches by them. He thinks they are the greatest medicine in the world.

The Rev. Mr. Dow, Jr., says Sherman's Worm Lozenges are a wonderful medicine. They have saved the lives of several of his children, when all other means failed. They are in fact the universal Worm Destroying Medicine of the age. He has also found Sherman's Papillary Oil a sovereign remedy. Any lady can be cured by it, no matter how sore her nipples are, without taking the child from the breast. Warehouse, 106 NASSAU street, New York and No. 99 Chesnut Street, one door below Third, Philadelphia. Daniel Robinson, Harrisburg. Gish & Fisher, Lancaster. J. V. Lambert, Reading. George F. Thomas, No. 147 Main St. Cincinnati, Ohio. J. A. Reed, Baltimore. May 27 tf

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE U. STATES SATURDAY POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, June, 10th, 1843.

MAINE.	
Calais bank,	16
Agricultural bank,	–
City bk. Portland,	–
Damariscotta,	–
Mercantile bank,	–
Stillwater canal bk.	–
Bangor Com. bank,	–
Westbrook bank,	–
Citizens bank,	–
Globe bank,	–
Washington co.	–
Frankford bank,	–
All solvent banks	¾a1
NEW HAMPSHIRE.	
All solvent banks	¾a1
VERMONT.	
Bank of St. Albans,	3
Bk. of Bennington,	90 dis
All solvent banks	¾a1
MASSACHUSETTS.	
All solvent banks	¾a1
RHODE ISLAND.	
All solvent banks,	¾a1
NEW YORK.	
New York City,	½ dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Millers bk of Clyde	25
Far bk, Seneca co.	30
Com bk. New York	9½
Lafayette bank,	–
N. Y. Bkg. Co.,	–
Dry Dock bank,	1
N. Am. Trust Co.	–
Bk. Buffalo,	10
Lewis Co	30
Com bk. Buffalo,	30
All solvent banks,	¾a1
Country banks,	1 dis
Except bk of Columbia, Green Co. Hudson, Middle Districts, Platsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co. Wayne County bank, Mer. & Planters.	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Ex. bk Po'keepsie,	do
Portsdam Manufac. Co.	do
Red Backs,	1 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
N. Hope D. Bridge,	30 dis
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hobo. bking & G Co.	broke
Washington b'king Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
N. J. Manufac. Co.	do
Protec. and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of N. Brunswick,	do
Mec. bk Patterson,	do
PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Man. and Mec. bk.	par
Moyamensing bank	par
Penn Township bank	par
U. S. Bank notes,	45a46 dis
Girard do.	15 dis
Penna. do	par
Germantown,	par
Del. co. at Chester,	par
Chest'r co. at W Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	½ dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	80 dis
Lancaster bank,	½ dis
Far. bk Lancaster,	½ dis
Lebanon,	3½a3¾ dis
Harrisburg,	4½ dis
Middletown,	4 dis
Carlisle,	4½ dis
Columbia Bridge,	½ dis
Northumberland,	par
Miners bk at Potts.	4½ dis
Wy'g bk Wilk'sb're,	7½ dis
Pitts. demand notes,	1 dis
Towanda,	90 dis
York,	4½ dis
Gettysburg,	4½ dis
Chambersburg,	4½ dis
Waynesburg,	7 dis
Brownsville,	2½ dis
Erie,	6 dis
Berks county bank,	70 dis
Honesdale,	1½ dis
Bk Susquehanna co	90 dis
Lewistown,	2 dis
Lum. bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	46 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	½ dis
Patapsco banks,	1 dis
Mineral bank,	1 dis
Frederickstown,	1 dis
Hagerstown,	1 dis
Westminster,	1 dis
Williamsport,	1 to 1½ dis
Cumberland,	2 dis
Salisbury,	5 dis
Franklin bank,	20 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk.	1 dis
Broken bks. various	prices
Balt. Ohio R R notes,	30 dis
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.	
Washington City,	dis
Georgetown,	dis
Far. & Mechanics,	dis
Alexandria,	dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	1½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	1½ dis
Valley bk & branch,	1½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	1½ dis
Wheeling,	3 dis
Wheeling post notes,	3 dis
NORTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks,	2
Small notes,	3
SOUTH CAROLINA.	
All solvent banks	1½
Small notes	2
GEORGIA.	
Bank of St. Mary's	3
Ocmulgee,	–
Monroe R. R.	–
Columbus,	–
Phenix bk.	–
Exchange bk.	–
Chat. R. R. bank,	–
Central bk. of Mill.	–
Georgia R. R. Co.	–
Rockserv. Bkg Co.	–
All solvent banks	2a3
ALABAMA.	
All solvent banks	15 dis
Small notes	18 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	3½ dis
Bank notes,	4 dis
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	70 dis
State bank,	60½ dis
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	2 dis
Small Notes,	3 dis
LOUISIANA.	
All solvent banks	3
MISSOURI.	
All solvent banks	3 dis
INDIANA.	
All solvent banks	3½ dis
FLORIDA.	
S'rn Life & Tr. Co.	–
CANADA.	
Montreal	5
Exchange on New York,	½ dis a ¼ prm.
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	4 to 4½ dis
City Relief Notes	4 to 4½ dis

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TERMS.—It will be published at the unexampled low price of *One Dollar per copy.*

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WONDERFUL EFFECTS OF SANDS'S SARSAPARILLA IN NORWICH, CONN.

Read the following from Mrs. Wm. Phillips, who has long resided at the Falls. The facts are well known to all the old residents in that part of the city.

Messrs. A. B. Sands & Co.—Sirs: Most gratefully do I embrace this opportunity for stating to you the great relief I obtained from the use of your Sarsaparilla. I shall also be happy, through you, to publish to all who are afflicted, as I lately was, the account of my unexpected, and even for a long while despaired of cure. Mine is a painful story, and trying and sickening as is the narrative of it, for the sake of many who may be surely relieved, I will briefly yet accurately state it.

Nineteen years ago last April a fit of sickness left me with an Erysipelas eruption. Dropsical collections immediately took place over the entire surface of my body, causing such an enlargement that it was necessary to add a half yard to the size of my dresses around the waist. Next followed, upon my limbs, ulcers, painful beyond description. For years, both in summer and winter, the only mitigation of my suffering was found in pouring upon those parts cold water. From my limbs the pain extended over my whole body. There was literally for me no rest, by day or by night. Upon lying down these pains would shoot through my system, and compel me to arise, and, for hours together, walk the house, so that I was almost entirely deprived of sleep. During this time the Erysipelas continued active and the ulcers enlarged, and so deeply have these eaten, that for two and a half years they have been subject to bleeding. During these almost twenty years I have consulted many physicians. These have called my disease—as it was attended with an obstinate cough and a steady and active pain in my side—a dropsical consumption; and though they have been skilful practitioners, they were only able to afford my case a partial and temporary relief. I had many other difficulties too complicated to describe. I have also used many of the medicines that have been recommended as infallible cures for this disease, yet these all failed, and I was most emphatically growing worse. In this critical condition, given up by friends, and expecting for myself, relief only in death, I was by the timely interposition of a kind Providence, furnished with your, to me, invaluable Sarsaparilla. A single bottle gave me an assurance of health, which for twenty years I had not once felt. Upon taking the second my enlargement diminished, and in *twelve days from the 9th of October*, when I commenced taking your Sarsaparilla, I was able to enjoy sleep and rest, by night, as refreshing as any I ever enjoyed when in perfect health. Besides, I was, in this short time, relieved from all those excruciating and unalleviated pains that had afflicted my days, as well as robbed me of my night's repose. The ulcers upon my limbs are healed, the Erysipelas cured, and my size reduced nearly to my former measure.

Thus much do I feel it a privilege to testify to the efficacy of your health-restoring Sarsaparilla. A thousand thanks sirs, from one whose comfort and whose hope of future health are due, under God, to your instrumentality. And may the same Providence that directed me to your aid, make you the happy and honored instruments of blessing others, as diseased and despairing as your much relieved and very grateful friend.

ASENATH M. PHILLIPS.

New London Co. ss. Norwich, Nov. 4, 1842.

Personally appeared, the above named Asenath M. Phillips, and made oath of the facts contained in the foregoing statement before me.

RUFUS W. MATTHEWSON,
Justice of the Peace.

Being personally acquainted with Mrs. Phillips, I certify that the above asserted facts are substantially true.

WILLIAM H. RICHARDS,
Minister of the Gospel at Norwich, Conn.

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Books sent directed to J. L. Gihon to the care of G. R. Graham & Co. will be promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. TERMS CASH. july 16 tf

THE LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

OR,

THE ARTIST AND LADY'S WORLD UNITED.

EDITED BY
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS AND CHARLES J. PETERSON.

The subscriber, proprietor of "*The Lady's World of Fashion and Literature*," having purchased F. Quarre's "*Artist, a Monthly Lady's Book*," intends uniting the two works on the first of July, 1843, and issuing a magazine which shall employ the literary and artistic skill of both books, and combine their peculiar merits. It will be called

The Ladies' National Magazine,

and will be a home book, at once elegant and instructive. It will unite sprightliness, grace and refinement to solidity and usefulness. In its embellishments, fashions and literature, it will be so complete, and the price at which it will be published will be comparatively so low, that it must speedily become an indispensable requisite to the centre-table of every lady of taste; for no other periodical will be so peculiarly adapted to the sex, or can rival it so

Cheapness, Elegance and Utility.

The peculiar arrangements of the proprietor, which enable him to do this, will now be stated. By the purchase of "*The Artist*," he secures the services of F. Quarre, in the ornamental department of The Ladies' National Magazine, and the time of this artist will hereafter be devoted to designing and executing original embellishments for the new magazine, in a style of unprecedented novelty and beauty. These embellishments will consist of

Embossed and Colored Flowers.

Lace-patterns, emblems, colored birds, fanciful designs, likenesses, landscapes in relievo, and flowers and pictures printed in color, in exact imitation of nature, an art as yet secret to the world and

Known only by F. Quarre.

No other magazine can have any rivalry with us in the novelty and splendor of these embellishments, whose popularity may be known from the fact that Mr. Quarre, while proprietor of the Artist, could never supply the demands for his peculiar designs, his time being too much occupied with the onerous duties of publisher. With his undivided energies devoted to the pictorial illustration of our work, he may be expected to far outstrip even his former brilliant efforts.

Sartain's Mezzotints.

In order to continue every variety of illustration, we shall furnish also a series of Mr. Sartain's splendid mezzotints. These have proved extensively and permanently popular; and notwithstanding their costliness we shall continue to use them. We shall, therefore, in addition to Mr. Quarre's embellishments, publish, in every number a mezzotint or

Line or Stipple Engraving,

executed on steel by Gimbrede, Dick, Jackman, Welch & Walter, and others of the first artists in the country. Nor is this all. Each month, a plate of the

Latest Parisian Fashions,

handsomely colored, will be given. In this department there will be no deception. Arrangements have been entered into, by which Madame Quarre will obtain the fashions in advance from London and Paris. On the arrival of the designs in this country, they will be immediately published; and in order to insure speed in this department, the time of publication will be from the 15th to the 20th of the month preceding the one for which the number is dated. We shall maintain the supremacy on this point, which was gained by *The Lady's World of Fashion*, and which made it every where, in matters of fashion,

The Standard Authority.

We come now to the literary department. This will be under the control of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson, assisted by the first writers of both sexes, in the country. We wish it distinctly understood that we shall publish only

Original Articles,

And that no subscriber who takes our work for the sake of its contributors, will be deceived with old tales and poems which first met her or his eye years before. The aim of the editors will be to make the work *peculiarly* a lady's book; and accordingly, all the first female writers of the country will add to its interest by their graceful, and instructive pens. A few of these contributors we name.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY,
MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN,
MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD,
MRS. CAROLINE F. ORNE,
MRS. LYDIA J. PIERSON,
MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY,
MRS. ARMELIA B. WELBY,
MRS. SEBA SMITH,
MRS. M. L. LAWSON,
MISS ELLEN ASHTON.

The tone of the work will be studiously refined, and the tales, without discarding romance altogether, will be generally of a practical and instructive cast, so that it will be a work peculiarly fitted for the ladies' centre or work-table, as well as for the boudoir. The character of the articles will be *studiously national*. Everything new and interesting to the sex, as well as everything of moment in literature, will appear in our pages.

THE TERMS.

In order to place this work at once in the hands of every American lady, it will be published at the unexampled low price of TWO DOLLARS, cash in advance, being a deduction of one-third from the usual magazine price. Only a vast circulation for the book, combined with a *rigid adherence to the cash system*, will enable the proprietor to afford it at this price.

Inducements to Clubs.

As friends and neighbors in the country, may wish to club together for copies, we offer the following unparalleled inducements, which, considering the character of the book, have never been equalled. The money must be sent in current funds.

For $5 00 - - - three copies,
" $10 00 - - - eight copies.

To Postmasters and Others.

And to repay Postmasters and others for the trouble of getting up clubs, as well as to enable persons to procure copies of popular and standard works *gratis*, we offer the following

Premiums.

For a club of eight, we will send a copy of "The Gems of Art and Beauty," a splendid pictorial work, with twelve steel and mezzotint engravings, just published by W. H. Graham.

For a club of three, we will send "The Wives of England," by Mrs. Ellis, or "The Last of the Barons," by Bulwer, or "Forest Life," by James, or either of the following orginal American novels: "The Western Captive," by Mrs. Seba Smith, "Fany Dale," or "Bell Martin," by Arthur, or any other new novel.

For FOUR DOLLARS, we will send *two copies* of the Book, and *one copy* of the "Gems of Art and Beauty."

For SIX DOLLARS, we will send *three copies* of the Book, and *two copies* of the "Gems of Art and Beauty."

For TWENTY DOLLARS, we will send *sixteen copies* of the Book, and *one copy* of the "Gems of Art and Beauty," and a Popular Novel.

Editors who will copy this prospectus and send a paper containing it, to *The United States Saturday Post*, marked, shall receive the work for one year.

CHARLES J. PETERSON,
No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.

STOCKTON'S ESTABLISHMENT FOR THE SALE OF INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH,

DENTAL INSTRUMENTS, GOLD FOIL, etc. etc. etc.

Second floor of the Ledger Buildings, South-West corner of Third and Chesnut street, Philada. and at 943 Broadway, New York, opposite the Park.

S. W. STOCKTON respectfully notifies the Dental Profession and Druggists, that he has now on hand a new and general assortment of very superior Plate, Pivot, Molar, Buccinal and Gum Incorruptible Teeth, wholesale and retail, equal to any he has hitherto manufactured, together with almost every description of Dental Instruments now in use, comprising Pearl, Gold Mounted Mirrors, Scissors, Keys, Mouth Glasses, Drill Bows, etc. etc. Pearl, Agate, and Ivory, Gold and Silver Mounted Instruments, for all necessary purposes, of all qualities, Gold and Silver Plate and Wire. Bulls or Abbeys and Jones Gold and Tin Foil. Lathes, Emery wheels (a first rate article for grinding teeth.) Dental Files of various descriptions. Compressed Hickory Pivots. Tooth Powders, Brushes, etc. The above articles may be had at the most reasonable prices.

P. S. Particular attention will be given to select teeth according to order. dec 31 6m

P. S. Dental Cases carefully put up to order.

All cash orders will meet with prompt attention.

N. B. *Dentists are cautioned against unprincipled persons, who sell as my manufacture, teeth of their own production.*

HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!!

DEAFNESS CURED—SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL.—For the cure of DEAFNESS, pains, and the discharge of matter from the ears; also all those disagreeable noises like the buzzing of insects, falling of water, whizzing of steam, etc. etc. which are symptoms of approaching deafness, and also generally attendant with the disease. Many persons who have been deaf for ten, fifteen and twenty years, and were obliged to use ear trumpets, have, after using one or two bottles, thrown aside their trumpets, being made perfectly well. Physicians and surgeons highly recommend its use.

The following interesting letter which has been taken from hundreds of others of a similar character must be read with pleasure.

New York, Nov. 16, 1842.

My Dear Sir—It has become so common lately to puff medicines by letters, that I would now refrain from any expression of my feelings or opinion, did I not feel compelled to speak in justice to you, and out of a desire to serve my fellow men. You remember with what reluctance I was induced to try Scarpa's Oil for Deafness, for I felt convinced, after many ineffectual attempts, that a deafness of ten years' standing could not be cured by any medicine; but will you believe it when I tell you on my second bottle, I can hear almost as well as any member of my family. The effect upon me has been magical; my former existence seems like a dream; and the pleasure of listening to and hearing conversation carried on in an ordinary tone of voice, after being so long subjected to the use of the ear trumpet, is almost transporting. I do not much like to have my name in print, but as the above statement may do some good, I have no objection to your using it.

Your obliged friend, L. M. CHELMSFORD.

Mr. B. Barton Gumpert, Phila. 334 Washington street.

Read the following Editorial from the Times.

Deafness Cured.—We have heard a great many speak of the virtues of Scarpa's Acoustic Oil as a remedy for deafness, and we are assured that it is unsurpassed by anything known for the purpose. One or two instances of its curative effects have been pointed out to us that are really astonishing.

None genuine unless with the words "SCARPA'S OIL for Deafness" blown in each bottle, and with the written signature of B. Bell on the wrapper. jan 7 eow tf

Prepared by B. Bell, and sold wholesale and retail by Dr. Jayne, 20 South Third street, and B. B. Gumpert, No. 334 North Second street, Philadelphia, also by most of the druggists in the city. PRICE $2 a bottle, or $10 a dozen.

Gems from the Poets.

NIAGARA.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Flow on for ever, in thy glorious robe
Of terror and of beauty—God hath set
His rainbow on thy forehead, and the cloud
Mantled around thy feet. And he doth give
Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him
Eternally—bidding the lip of man
Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour
Incense of awe-struck praise.
And who can dare
To lift the insect trump of earthly hope,
Or love, or sorrow,—'mid the peal sublime
Of thy tremendous hymn!—Even Ocean shrinks
Back from thy brotherhood, and his wild waves
Retire abashed.—For he doth sometimes seem
To sleep like a spent laborer, and recall
His wearied billows from their vexing play,
And lull them to a cradle calm:—but thou,
With everlasting, undecaying tide,
Dost rest not night or day.
The morning stars,
When first they sang o'er young creation's birth
Heard thy deep anthem,—and those wrecking fires
That wait the archangel's signal to dissolve
The solid earth, shall find Jehovah's name
Graven, as with a thousand diamond spears,
On thine unfathomed page.—Each leafy bough
That lifts itself within thy proud domain,
Doth gather greenness from thy living spray,
And tremble at the baptism.—Lo! yon birds
Do venture boldly near, bathing their wing
Amid thy foam and mist.—'Tis meet for them
To touch thy garment's hem,—or lightly stir
The snowy leaflets of thy vapor wreath,—
Who sport unharmed upon the fleecy cloud,
And listen at the echoing gate of heaven,
Without reproof.—But as for us,—it seems
Scarce lawful with our broken tones to speak
Familiarly of thee.—Methinks, to tint
Thy glorious features with our pencil's point,
Or woo thee to the tablet of a song,
Were profanation.
Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its step,
And check its rapture with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness, bidding it stand
In the dread presence of the Invisible,
As if to answer to its God through thee.

From the Monthlies.

THE MINER'S LOVE.

A Legend of Love's Constancy.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

The Simplon road, in descending to Lake Majeur, crosses several times, on beautifully constructed bridges, the river Coccia, which gives its name to the valley. After having passed one of these bridges, called the Ponte Maggiore, it reaches the valley of Anzasca, conducting to Mount Rosa. This magnificent mountain, which is computed to be but two hundred and fifty feet lower than Mount Blanc, is visible from nearly every part of Lombardy; but the valley is still more an object of curiosity and admiration to its people, for it shuts within its bosom, that most powerful of all talismans—gold.

Pliny mentions these mines, which must formerly have been of much importance, as the senate forbade the employing of more than five thousand slaves to work them, from fear that the farmers should become too wealthy. Afterwards only a thousand workmen labored there, and now even that number is greatly diminished. Nevertheless, all the inhabitants of the valley have the privilege of seeking gold, and many of them, who, from their occupations, are styled "Minerali," have no other profession.

It was related to us, that on dark and stormy nights, these Minerali observed little lights shining on the hills, and if in the morning they could find the exact spot where they appeared, gold was certain to reward the search. This seemed romantic enough to excite our curiosity, but for sometime we gained few satisfactory answers to our questions on the subject. At length we were so fortunate as to meet an Italian, who was disposed to be more intelligible, and our readers, if they please, can, like ourselves, attribute the origin of the storm-fires of Anzasca, to the cause we are about to relate.

"I have seen them myself," said the Italian, "and they differ wholly from the common *feu follet*. Formerly, the road from Lake Majeur to the western cantons of Switzerland, ran through the valley of Anzasca, and I once happened to be detained in a hut situated at the foot of one of the wildest defiles, by a violent storm which rendered our horses ungovernable. As I was seated on a bench, gazing drowsily from the window—for, there was no bed in the establishment, save that of my host, and of that I would not deprive him—I perceived several pale lights at a distance among the rocks. I at first thought they shone from the casement of some hut, but remembering that portion of the mountain was uninhabited, and in truth, uninhabitable, I arose from my seat, and asked the inmates of the house, the cause of the phenomenon. While I spoke, the lights disappeared, but a moment after, was visible in another place, as if the person who carried it, had passed around a rock. The tempest continued during this time to rage with a fury which threatened to crush our miserable place of refuge, and to hurl down the very mountains themselves, and the night was so dark we could scarcely distinguish the earth from the sky.

"See, it is there again!" I exclaimed, "tell me then, what is it?"

"It is the lamp of Lelia," ejaculated one of our host's children,—"Father! rouse yourself, Oh! Battista, Vittorio! Lelia is on the mountains!"

"At these cries, the family arose, and all standing before the window, fixed their eyes on the flashes, which continued to shine during the greater part of the night, though at long intervals. The occupants of the hut willingly told me all they knew concerning these lights, but only on condition that I would be silent whenever they appeared, and allow them to observe with attention, the exact spot where they gleamed.

"To render my story intelligible, I must inform you that the Minerali and the farmers compose two distinct classes in the valley of Anzasca. The employment of the former, when they make it their sole profession, is regarded as disgraceful by the other inhabitants who gain a livelihood by regular industry, and in fact, the conduct of the Minerali offers some apology for what might otherwise seem an illiberal prejudice. They are profligate and quarrelsome; at one period rich, and at another perishing with hunger. To be brief, they are liable to all the calamities, both moral and physical, which befall men, like gamblers for example, who cannot calculate on the benefits of regular labor.

"Notwithstanding, they are naturally a fine race of men, hardy, courageous, and often remarkably handsome. They dispense liberally what they have gained easily, and if, one day they crouch, half dead with hunger, like wild animals basking in the sun; the next morning, if fortune prove smiling, they appear gay and brilliant, the true lords of the valley. The Minerali sometimes talk of love, and though they rarely win the hand, they often touch the heart of the pretty maidens of Anzasca. If their sighs are coldly greeted, they seek comrades still more savage than themselves, and whose arms are always open to brave and desperate men. They change their profession, and haunt the main roads when nights are dark and travellers unguarded; or, they enlist under the banners of the regular banditti, who rob by thousands, and whose booty is a province or a kingdom.

"Francesco Martelli was the handsomest of all the Minerali in the valley. He was savage, I admit, but, that is the trait of his class, and it was atoned for by so many good qualities, that even the farmers—at least those who had no daughters to be married—found pleasure in his society. Francesco sang with such melancholy sweetness, that the old women shed tears while listening. He had one of those tender and touching voices which sink in the memory at the first utterance, and which seem, when heard again, to be the realization of a pleasant dream.

"Lelia was the only person in the valley who had never heard Francesco sing. All the other maidens, either secretly or openly, under one pretext or another, had satisfied their curiosity. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest farmers of Anzasca. Lelia was very young—scarcely sixteen, but her position as an only child, and her fortune, consisting of more than a thousand Austrian pounds, soon attracted the attention of the other inhabitants. Her features were regularly beautiful, but though perfectly well proportioned, her form was so slight and *petite*, and her manners so timid and youthful, that she was always regarded as a child. The heiress of old Niccoli, was the title given her by parents who sought to excite the future ambition of their sons, but Lelia still appeared to them, a little insignificant being.

"Her mother had died at her birth; and during several years, the life of the infant had been preserved, or rather her death prevented, but by a kind of miracle. Even after her disease, whatever it was, had yielded to the untiring cares of her father, her condition was rather the absence of illness than the presence of health; and, the sorrowful remembrance of her sufferings had implanted a nervous timidity, which, in a more refined land, would have been deemed an exquisite delicacy of feeling. In a manner deprived of intercourse with the young girls of her age, by this peculiarity of her situation, she was excluded from it still more by another reason. Her frame was feeble and languid, but she had cultivated her mind. Music, which she passionately loved, had initiated her in poetry, and notwithstanding the contrary doctrine of a certain school, poetry does debar us from communion with ignorant and unrefined companions. Since Lelia had never sought to hear the melodies of Francesco, we must attribute it to an instinct of terror, mingled with the horror excited in her by the very mention of one of the wicked Minerali. She listened to the accounts which reached her of the young Mineralo, with that vague and careless interest, with which we hear the description of a being of another hemisphere, and the history of its beauty, and its habits of cruel ferocity. But the day came at last, when poor Lelia listened.

"She was seated alone, as usual, at the bottom of her father's garden, and while sewing, she sang in the low soft tone, characteristic of her voice. The enclosure of the garden on that side, was a hedge of shrubs which grew along the summit of a deep ravine. Through the abyss, the river flowed darkly and rapidly, and beyond, at a distance of about five hundred feet, a line of rugged rocks bounded the horizon. Her tones were seldom sufficiently loud to reach the echoes among the rocks, though sometimes in the fervor of her enthusiasm, she would strive to win a repetition of her songs from those fairy minstrels of the valley. On this day, she observed with astonishment, a similar effect, though her voice was faint almost as a sigh. She sang another strain a little louder, the defiance was accepted, and a sweet melodious voice finished her favorite melody, from the point where she had ceased. The first impulse of Lelia was to fly—the second, to remain stationary and listen again to the strains; the third, and the one she obeyed, was to glide noiselessly to the hedge and look down the ravine, to discover whence the voice proceeded.

"She found the echo was a young man, occupied in guiding down the river, one of the rafts which the inhabitants of the Alps employ to carry their provisions to market; the raft was at this moment, stationary beside the bank at the foot of the garden. The youth was leaning on his oar, apparently endeavoring to propel the raft, but his eyes were upraised as if he looked for the apparition of a star; and Lelia was convinced, though she scarcely knew why, that he had observed her through the trees while she sang, and had adopted this method of attracting her attention without startling her. Such appeared to be his object; indeed, he seemed to have had no other, for after having gazed an instant, he withdrew his eyes with an air of confusion, and pushing the raft, he was borne along by the river, and soon concealed from view.

"The life of Lelia was as calm as the sleeping waters of a lake which a light cloud can darken, or the wing of an insect agitate. This little occurrence awoke reflection, and summoned the sweet reveries of sixteen. She felt her cheeks glow, as she fancied how the young man had watched her through the shrubbery, and wondered why he had departed without speaking to her, after having succeeded in attracting her attention. There was delicacy in this ruse to spare her the surprise, perhaps the terror, of seeing a stranger in that place; there was modesty in the embarrassment, with which he had withdrawn his glance.

"A week passed ere she again saw this Apollo of her young imagination. It appeared, as if they had become acquainted in the interval. They saluted each other, the second time they spoke, and at length they conversed. There was nothing mysterious in their intercourse. He was probably a farmer's son from the upper valley, who had been attracted like many others, by rumors of the heiress of old Niccoli. He was ignorant of books; he loved poetry rather for music than for itself; but, what did that matter? The records of the Creator were around and within them, and if denied, the mind were graven deeply in the heart. He was strong and robust, and that constitutes beauty in the eyes of a fragile and timid woman. He ran on the very edge of the precipice; he bounded from rock to rock in the torrent, with the fearlessness of the Chamois. He was handsome, brave and graceful, and this glorious being, with brilliant eyes and flushing cheeks, threw himself at *her* feet, and worshipped her loveliness, as the poets adore the pale Phœbus. The world, hitherto so monotonous, so empty, so wearisome for Lelia, became a paradise. One thing only tormented her, they had been long enough together, according to the calculations of sixteen; they were well acquainted, had avowed their attachment without reserve, had even plighted their faith, and yet her lover had never revealed to her his name.

"Lelia, while meditating on this, lamented her precipitation, but it was now too late to remedy that, and she resolved to learn the secret, if it were one, at their next interview.

"'My name!' was his reply to her prompt and candid question; 'you will know it soon enough!'

"'But I will not be refused. You must tell me now, or at the latest to-morrow evening.'

"'Why to-morrow evening?'

"'Because my hand will be demanded to-morrow by a rich and handsome young man, whom my father approves. I will not, at whatever cost, disappoint the cherished wishes of my only remaining parent, without giving him some satisfactory reason. Oh! you do not know him; fortune is nothing in his estimation, compared with the happiness of his child. You may be poor, but you are good and honorable, and therefore, you will not seem to him, unworthy of Lelia!'

"The evening was dark, but Lelia thought she saw her lover smile as she spoke, and a happy belief entered her mind, which made her heart beat quickly. He was silent for some moments, and appeared agitated by conflicting emotions; at last, in an altered tone, he answered:

"'Then it shall be told to-morrow evening.'

"'Here?'

"'No, in the house of your father, in the presence of my rival!'

"The next day arrived, and with the formal ceremonies customary in the valley on such occasions, the suitor whom Lelia had mentioned presented himself to ask permission to pay his homage, or rather—for they do not like the maidens of Anzasca to lose time—to demand her hand. It was, in truth, a connexion in every way desirable to Niccoli, for it was the best match between the vale of Ossola and Mount Rosa. The youth was rich, and prudent even to an extreme. What could a father wish more?

"Lelia delayed as long as possible, to the very latest moment, to approach the door of the house where her presence was awaited by the elder members of both families. While she abstractedly arranged her dress, she constantly looked from the window, whence she could see the great road and the two families below, and her suspense became agony. How bitter were her reflections during this interval! She began to believe the past was all a dream, a fiction of her imagination, wearied by poetry and solitude, or perhaps by suffering. Or she had been the dupe of a deceiver? The smile she had remarked on her lover's face, was it only the foreteller of cruel jests, with which he might even now be amusing his companions, by portraying her perplexity and despair? Her conduct now seemed like folly and ingratitude. At length she obeyed the orders of her father, and took her station beside him, with faltering steps, and cheeks burning with fever. The appearance of the many persons who expected her, struck her with fright and diffidence.

"She looked around her with morbid timidity, while their marble-like gaze, fixed on her with the ceremonious rigor of an antique custom, seemed to freeze her heart. Nevertheless, there was one whose ideas of *convenances*, strict though they were, could not prevent his eyes from glistening with pleasure, and his arms from opening towards her. It was her father, who after regarding her for several instants, in ecstacy as she stood in her pure white drapery, clasped her to his bosom, and blessed her fervently.

"'My daughter!' he said, and his smile was bathed in tears, 'it is hard for an old man to think of severing from all he loves in the world; but, the laws of nature should be respected. Young men and maidens will love, to the end of time, and new ties will spring from their union. It is the common fate, my child, it is the lot of woman, and her destiny. During sixteen years, I have watched over you as a miser over his gold, and now I forsake you; you, the treasure of my life. All I ask of you is to obey me at this hour, and to obey me joyfully, according to the usage of our ancestors, and the ordinance of the Lord. After that, leave the old man to his way, and the will of heaven. He has seen his daughter happy, and the children of her children shall bless his memory. He has drunk the cup of life, sweet and bitter, bitter and sweet; he has quaffed it to the dregs, but it was mixed with honey, Lelia, thanks to his cherished child! There was sweetness in it, even to the last drop!'

"Lelia threw her arms around her father, and sobbed wildly. She wept so long and bitterly, that the friends who were present, forgot their formal etiquette, and approached her anxiously. When at length she raised her head, they saw her cheeks were no longer tearful, but pale and wan as the marble of Cordoglia. A murmur of compassion arose from the assistants, and they whispered one to the other, 'poor child! still so delicate, always these old attacks!' The father was alarmed and hastened to abridge a ceremony so formidable to the nervous timidity of his daughter.

"'It is enough,' said he, 'all will be finished in a moment; Lelia, do you accept this young man for your betrothed? Say, my child, one word, and all is over.'

"Lelia strove in vain to speak: she bowed her head in token of assent.

"'Friends!' said Niccoli, 'my daughter has consented, that is sufficient. My son, salute your bride, and then let us enter and drink happiness to the alliance.'

"'The young maiden has not replied,' observed a relation of the young man in a cold, ceremonious manner.

"'Answer then, my child,' said Niccoli, casting a disdainful and reproachful glance on the speaker, 'say but one little word, speak!'

"Lelia's blanched and pallid lips parted to obey, when a man, evidently too impatient to open the door of the little court, leaped over it, and rushed abruptly into the midst of the group.

"'Do not speak!' he cried, 'I forbid it!'

"Lelia turned to him with a stifled scream, and would have thrown herself into his arms, had she not been forcibly restrained by her father.

"'Who is this?' he demanded, with a sad and frightened air; 'wretch, villain, fool! what do you seek here?'

"'You *cannot* provoke me, Niccoli,' returned the intruder, 'even if you insult me; I come to ask your daughter in marriage!'

"'You!' cried the furious parent.

"'You!' repeated the assembled relations, in tones of contempt, rage or ridicule, each according to his character.

"'We need not proceed farther," said the same formal old man who had spoken before, 'a troth commenced in a quarrel, will never end in a marriage. To demand a young girl in honorable marriage is neither a crime nor a shame. Let her reply to the young man herself, and then we will retire in peace.'

"'He has spoken well,' said the most circumspect among the old men.

"'Answer, my daughter, answer, and let this youth depart.'

"Lelia blushed and grew pale alternately. She made a step forward, hesitated, looked timidly at her father, and then stood motionless as a statue, her hands clasped on her bosom, as if to still the beatings of her heart.

"'My child!' exclaimed old Niccoli, in a tone of anger, hardly suppressed, and seizing her arm, 'do you know this man? have you ever seen him before? Speak! do you know his name?'

"'No!'

"'No! Insolent wretch! My daughter, proffer your cheek to your future husband, for the customs of our forefathers must be followed, and leave me to chase the vagabond from my door!'

"She advanced mechanically; when the real *fiance* extended his arms and approached her, she avoided him, uttering a sudden cry, and turned, tottering toward the other.

"'Stop, stop!' exclaimed the relation, 'you are deranged, you know not what you do; that is Francesco the Mineralo.'

"She was already beside the stranger, who stirred not from his place, and as the fatal name reached her ear, she sank fainting in his arms.

"The confusion which ensued, cannot be described. They carried Lelia almost lifeless into the house. The relations united their efforts to restrain the father, who would have instantly assailed the Mineralo. Francesco remained for some time, his arms folded, in sorrowful and silent composure; but, when, at length, the imprecations and abusive epithets with which Nicoli addressed him, ceased from the old man's exhaustion, he strode rapidly before him.

"'I can bear from you, all these injuries,' he said; 'you well know, that if some of them are merited, it is rather from my position, than my own fault. If to chastise the insolent, and throw back contempt, for contempt constitutes a wretch, then am I one. But no man can be called a vagabond who lives in the habitation of his ancestors, and follows their profession. But all this is of no importance; these are mere words. That I am *poor* is your true objection, and it is a great one. If I chose to take your daughter without her fortune, I could do so in spite of you all; but I would relinquish her, even to that soulless man, rather than expose a being so lovely and fragile, to the privations and vicissitudes of a life like mine. For this reason, I demand not only your daughter, but a portion of her wealth, however small the portion may be, and you have also the right to require that I should not come empty-handed. She is young, there is no cause to hasten their marriage. Grant me one year, one single year, name a reasonable sum, and if at the end of that period, I cannot place the stipulated amount before you, I swear here, to renounce every claim which the generous preference of your daughter has given me to her hand.'

"'It is well arranged,' returned the same old man who had already spoken; 'under any circumstances, a year should intervene between the betrothal and the marriage. If the young man, in a year from this day, before midnight, shall place on the table here, in gold or silver money, or in virgin gold, the same sum I intended bestowing on my grandson, I promise, in the name of all present, there shall be no opposition made to the maiden's caprice, *should it last so long*; and we will consult her wish in the disposal of her hand, in preference to the judgment and desire of her father. The sum is only three thousand pounds!'

A laugh of mockery and derision was heard among the relations.

"'Yes, yes!' they cried, 'it is all just! let the Mineralo bring three thousand pounds, and he shall marry Lelia. Neighbor Nicoli, it is a wise proposition; allow us to intercede for Francesco, and ask your consent.'

"'Gentlemen!' said Francesco, with an embarrassment mingled with anger, 'the sum of three thousand pounds—'

"He was interrupted by shouts of contemptuous laughter.

"'It is a right loyal proposition,' repeated the relations; 'consent to it, neighbor Niccoli, consent.'

"'I consent!' said Niccoli, disdainfully.

"'Be it so!' returned Francesco, with indignant pride, and he retired, his heart deeply wounded.

"It was remarked, that from this day, the habits and the character of the Mineralo were greatly changed. He not only forsook the society of his dissipated comrades, but also that of respectable persons whose houses were open to him, either on account of his musical talent, or because his conduct was so superior to that of the other Minerali. Day after day, he devoted himself to his precarious toil. The change of seasons made no difference with him. The storm did not induce him to seek shelter, nor the rain detain him at home. All day, and frequently all night too, he might be seen in the fields, on the mountains, on the banks of the torrents. He seldom even permitted himself the happiness of meeting the beloved one, for whom he submitted to so many trials.

"Gold, gold was his only thought by day, his only dream by night. When the lovers were sometimes together, in the solitude and mystery of night, it was but to whisper a few words of false confidence, of consolation and hope. She could, during these interviews, speak only with sighs and tears, but he seemed full of enthusiasm and firm faith. Notwithstanding, days and weeks rolled on, the moon renewed her light, the end of the year drew near, and the greater part of the immense sum was still in the bosom of the mountains.

"The hopes of the Mineralo daily diminished. He could no longer utter a consolation, which had fled even from his dreams; he could only clasp Lelia, in sadness and grief, to his breast, when she hazarded a question concerning his labors, and then mechanically return to his hopeless task.

"It is a strange, and sometimes a sublime study, the mystery of a woman's mind. The health of Lelia had been deeply affected by the events we have related. Her cheeks had been pale and her frame weak for several months, and now was the painful impression added, of these mute but eloquent interviews with her lover. The more their griefs grew dark, the more their affairs seemed desperate, the higher mounted her courage, as if to conquer fortune. The hopes of Lelia increased in proportion to the fears of Francesco, and the energy which abandoned this man, hitherto so courageous, appeared to pass to her. Even her physical faculties reflected the force of her spirit. Her nerves acquired more than their natural vigor, her cheeks flushed, and the light of her eyes was brilliant.

"The cold and indolent imagination of man has not half a woman's resources under such circumstances. Relinquishing all trust in fortune and chance, she turned to the altars, and to the most venerated saints and martyrs of her land. She made vows and pilgrimages, she questioned even her dreams, she sought predictions in the poems of Dante, she interpreted for herself the poetry of heaven, the mystical language of the stars. The year drew to its close, and the sum which the gold seeker had amassed, though miraculous in amount, was still far, very far from sufficient. The last day dawned, accompanied by a frightful storm, and the night sank cold and dark on the toil of Francesco. He was on the side of the mountain opposite the dwelling of Niccoli, and as the daylight faded from the valley, he saw, with inexpressible agony of soul, by the numerous lights gleaming from the windows, that they had not forgotten the fête. A little gold he had discovered, induced him, however, to continue the search, as a drowned man will grasp a tiny shrub. He stood on a spot indicated by one of Lelia's dreams, and she had conjured him not to cease his labor till the moment when the distant church-clock should sound to destroy their hopes forever.

However, fortune seemed to smile on him; he had found a small perpendicular vein of gold, and it was possible that this, though of slight importance itself, might lead to a horizontal vein, which should form one of those *grappi* or masses, in which the gold is abundant, and from which, it is easily extricated. But the work was painful, and it was impracticable to continue it long; his powers were nearly exhausted; the tempest beat violently in his face, and the darkness grew deeper every moment. He felt his heart sink; his limbs trembled, a cold moisture bathed his forehead, and, as the last rays of day fled from the sides of the mountain, he fell senseless on the earth. He knew not how long he had remained in this state, when he was recalled to life, by a sound resembling that of a human voice. The storm growled round the mountain, more furious than ever, and the obscurity was profound; but, on turning his head, he observed a light at a little distance, and his heart beat once more. The light approached him, and he perceived a human form, clad entirely in white.

"'Lelia!' he cried, in surprise, mingled with superstitious terror, as he recognized the features of his young and lovely betrothed.

"'Do not waste time in words,' she said; 'you can still accomplish much, and I have full assurance that I am not now deceived. Arise, and take courage! work, here is the light; I will sit at the foot of this shattered rock and aid you with my prayers, since I have not the strength to lend you any other assistance.'

"Francesco resumed his pick-axe, and excited by shame, and by his admiration of the confidence of the brave maiden, he applied himself to his labor with renewed vigor.

"'Have good courage!' continued Lelia, 'and all will be well. That was ably done! surely the saints listen to us kindly!'

"Once only, she uttered a kind of complaint.

"'How cold it is!' she said; 'hasten my friend, for I cannot return to the house without the light.' From time to time she continued to repeat 'hasten!' Francesco's heart bled, as he thought of the sufferings of this maiden so young and delicate, abroad on such a night, and he knocked in despair on the resounding rock. He was some distance from the spot where she was seated, and he was about to entreat her to come a little nearer to the light, when she said:

"'Hasten! hasten! the hour draws near; they will expect me, they wait for me now—I can delay no longer! farewell!'

"Francesco gazed around him, but he saw the light no more.

"What meant this strange departure? Why had she gone alone, knowing that if left in darkness, he could not work? Had her feeling changed with the loss of hope? Bitter and humiliating thought! Nevertheless, it arrested the first impulse of Francesco, which was to follow his mistress. He had not proceeded far, when a sudden tremor seized him; his heart was stilled, he fainted, and would have fallen to the earth had he not leaned for support against a rock. When he recovered himself, he tried to retrace his steps as accurately as the darkness would permit. He could not discover exactly the place where Lelia had been seated; but he was sure of remembering the surrounding objects, and should she still be there, her white dress would be visible through the obscurity. Even for the well-trained feet of Francesco, the road, without the faintest light to guide him, was very dangerous. And it was perhaps to the mental exercise necessary to direct his steps, that he owed the firmness and dignity with which he presented himself before the father of Lelia. 'Niccoli!' he said, 'I have come to thank you for the fair trial you allowed me. I have failed in it, and in the terms of our engagement, and I abandon all pretensions to the hand of your daughter.'

"He was about to retire as promptly as he had entered, but old Niccoli grasped his arm. 'Bid us adieu!' he said in a faltering voice, 'leave us not in anger. Pardon my unjust words, during our last interview. I have watched you, Francesco, since that day.'

"And he brushed away a tear, as he glanced at the garments splashed with rain and mud, and the haggard eyes and features of the youth.

"'But no matter, my word is pledged. Farewell! now call my daughter. Heaven grant the events of this night may bring no fearful misfortune!'

"Francesco slowly withdrew; he would have wished to have seen the waving of her robe before departing. "'She is not in her chamber!' cried a voice. The heart of Francesco was crushed. All the house was in commotion. Nothing was heard but steps in every direction, and voices which called her name. Then the old man rushed from the room, and laying his hands on Francesco's shoulders, gazed at him wildly.

"'Have you any tidings of my daughter? Speak, I conjure you in the name of our Divine Master! Tell me even, that you have married her, and I will pardon and bless you! Speak! why this silence? will you answer? Say one word, where is my daughter? where is my Lelia? my life! my light! my hope! my child! my child!'

"The Mineralo started, as from a dream. He looked about him, as if he could not comprehend what was passing. A mortal shuddering ran through his frame.

"'Bring lights, torches!' he cried, 'and all of you follow me!' And he rushed without. He was promptly joined by those who were present, amounting to more than twelve, with lighted torches, which streamed through the storm like meteors. As to Francesco, he seemed scarcely able to stand, but reeled to and fro, like one intoxicated.

"At last they reached the place he sought, and by the blaze of the torches they perceived something white at the foot of the rock. It was Lelia. Her back was resting against the stone; one of her hands pressed her bosom, like one suffering with cold, and with the other, she held the lamp whose flame had expired.

"Francesco fell on his knees on one side, the old man knelt on the other; the torches shed a gleam brilliant as day-light. She was cold, cold as stone!

"The poor, desolate and childless old man, wished afterwards to seek the object of his daughter's devoted love, but Francesco was never seen after that fatal night.

"A plaintive sound is sometimes heard on the mountain; the inhabitants assert, it is uttered by the Mineralo as he seeks his betrothed among the rocks; and every dark and stormy night, may be seen on the mountain the lamp of Lelia, lighting the phantom of her beloved in its search for gold."

The Humorist.

☞ "I have brought you this bill until I am fairly sick and tired of it," said a collector to a creditor, upon whom he had called at least forty times. "You are, eh? coolly rejoined the creditor. "Yes, I am," was the response. "Well, then you had better not present it again. There will be two of us pleased if you do not, for to tell the plain truth I'm sick and tired of seeing that identical bill myself."

This was pretty fair, but not so good as the reply of Sheridan to a dun who had repeatedly called upon him for a small amount. The bill had been so often presented to the mad wag that the collector complained of its soiled and tattered state, and said he was ashamed of it. "I'll tell you what I'd advise you to do with it, my friend," said Sheridan, "take it home and write it upon *parchment!*"

☞ "What think ye, Tommas, o' this new fangle project o' fleeing through the air like a wild duck: is 'no it a extraordinar' thing, man? Naething vera startlin' about it ava, Arhcie! Auld as a' as I am, I expect to see the day, when, wi' a wee steam engine aneath my oxter, and a pennyworth o' coals in my coat pouch, I may take a trip to Kilmarnock and come back in hauf an hour! Wonnerful! naething would surprise me noo-a-days, gif it werena an advertisement frae the man in the moon, o' Furnished lodgings to let, or project to build a hauf way house atween his domicile and the yirth."

☞ "Gentlemen of the Jury," said a Western lawyer, "would you set a rat trap to catch a *bar?* Would you make fools of yourselves by endeavoring to spur a buffalo with a knitting needle? Or would you attempt to empty out the Mississippi with a gourd? No, gentlemen, I know you would not; then how can you be guilty of the absurdity of finding my client guilty of man-slaughter for taking the life of a *woman?*"

☞ There is a good story told of a negro who set about mesmerising a brother darky. After the *operator* had cut several straight, angular and obtuse lines with his hands before the face of the *operatee*, he said, "Is you asleep, Cuffee?" "I is, fast asleep, Pompey," replied the subject. "Den what hab I in my mouth, say?" "Course I doesn't know," said Pompey, "'cause I's asleep!"

☞ The editor of a newspaper at Columbus, Ohio, apologizes for the non-appearance of his paper, at the regular time of publication, by saying that "he was engaged in cowhiding a fellow who had slandered him, and did'nt get through early enough to go on with his paper."

☞ Some person asked Charles James Fox, what was the meaning of that passage in the Psalms, "He clothed himself with cursing, like as with a garment." "The meaning," said he; "I think it is clear enough; the man had a *habit of swearing*."

☞ A buck with a segar in his mouth, once entered Mr. Cross's menagerie, when Mr. Cross requested the visiter to take the weed from his mouth, lest he should learn the monkeys "bad habits."

☞ At one of our common schools, the teacher, in catechising his scholars, put the following question—"What was made to give light to the world?" "Matches," cried one of the young girls.

☞ Ephraim says that the present mode of cancelling Treasury notes, is far from protecting the public from imposition—as such notes are most current when you *can-sell* them.

☞ Mr. Curran once said in one of his famous speeches:—"I have known tumult and disorder to make many a rich man poor, but never knew it to make a poor man rich!"

☞ King George III., once remarked that "Lawyers do not know so much more law than other men; the difference is, they know where to find it when they want it."

☞ "My eyes, Jack!" exclaimed a tar, seeing a soldier chained by the leg to a cannon for punishment, "If there ain't a soldier at anchor."

☞ An hour's industry will do more to beget cheerfulness, suppress evil rumors, and retrieve your affairs than a month's moaning.

☞ A fellow in Kentucky, with a railway imagination, wants to know how long it will be before they will open the *equinoctial line*.

☞ "Variety is the spice of life," as the printer said when he knocked his form into *pi*.

☞ Why is a cross-eyed person like a man in a passion? Because he is X-sighted.

Choice Selections.

FROM THE NEW MIRROR.

COMPULSORY VERSES

ON THE NAME OF MARGARETTA.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

When I was in my teens,
I loved dear Margaretta
I know not what it means,
I cannot now forget her.
That vision of the past,
My head is ever crazing,
Yet when I saw her last
I could not speak for gazing
Oh lingering rose of May!
Dear as when first I met her
Worn in my heart alway,
Life cherished, Margaretta!

We parted near the stile
As morn was faintly breaking,
For many a weary mile
Oh how my heart was aching!
But distance, time and change
Have lost me Margaretta!
And yet 'tis sadly strange
That I cannot forget her!
Oh queen of rural maids,
Dear dove-eyed Margaretta—
The heart the mind upbraids
That struggles to forget her!

My love, I know, will seem
A wayward boyish folly;
But, ah! it was a dream,
Most sweet—most melancholy
Were mine the world's domain,
To me 'twere fortune better
To be a boy again,
And dream of Margaretta.
Oh! memory of the past,
Why linger to regret her?
My first love is my last,
For that is Margaretta.

WIDOW JONES'S COW.

Goodman Jones died at the age of fifty, and was gathered to his fathers, leaving a widow of his own age. At and about the same time Aunt Smith died too—and as her case was parallel to Goodman Jones' in all except her sex, we presume that she was gathered to her mothers. She left a disconsolate widower over whose head just as many years had rolled, as the widow Jones had counted.

This was allowed on all hands to be an astonishing coincidence. All the women pitied Widower Smith, poor man, and all the men commiserated with widow Jones, poor woman. Widow Jones had a large farm—so had widower Smith. Widow Jones had a large dairy—so had widower Smith. As to the acres of mowing, and tillage and woodland, each had about an equal share—and in children Providence had blessed both alike. "What upon airth" either would do with these vast possessions alone, the old women declared they could not tell. This difficulty suggested a ready remedy, and the gossips did not let the defunct man and woman get cold in their graves, before they made up their minds the relicts should be yoked together, and the estates, hereditaments and property, personal and real, be held in joint proprietorship. Matches, they said, were made in Heaven; and that this match was there made they considered the essential preparation of widowhood in each case, a positive proof.

Widow Jones and neighbor Smith were not long in hearing what gossip was astir; and it has even been insinuated that each had arrived to the conclusions above named, before any body else had thought of them. It is certain that when each requested the prayers of the congregation that the bereavement might be sanctified, Widower Smith looked pretty steadily over the rail of his pew at the seat of Widow Jones; and Widow Jones moved her white handkerchief from her eyes just long enough to see how her companion in bereavement supported himself. After church they walked beside each other so far as their roads lay together, and once during the next week, Widower Smith paid Widow Jones a visit of condolence.

So far, so good—but visits of condolence go out of date, like an almanac, and cannot be used as a pretext after a certain season. Some other arrangement must be trumped up, and Widower Smith was not long in finding it. His wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones' door, and he gave the usual country signal, that he wanted somebody in the house by dropping the reins, and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. Good morning was soon said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was farther to be said.

"Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows, no how, for nothing, any way, do you?"

"Well, there, Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoke my mind better. A poor, lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creturs, and I should be glad to trade if we can fix it."

So they adjourned to the meadow. Farmer Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—and at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but Farmer Smith could not decide which cow he wanted. At length, on Saturday, when Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had "ever so much" to do in the house, as all farmers wives and widows have on Saturday, she was a little impatient. Farmer Smith was as irresolute as ever:

"That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair cretur—but—" he stopped to look at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow but the cow.

"That 'ere short horn Durham is not a bad looking beast, but I don't know—" another look at the widow.

"The Downing cow I know, before the late Mr. Jones bought her." Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr. Jones, she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

"Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better." A long stare succeeded this speech—the pause was getting awkward—and at last Mrs. Jones broke out—

"Lord! Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the cow you want, *do say so!*"

The intentions of the Widower Smith, and the Widow Jones were duly published the next day, as is the law and the custom in Massachusetts; and as soon as they were "out published," they were married.

WOMAN'S CONSTANCY.

It is very customary with some whipper-snappers to talk of the inconstancy of woman, her heartlessness, coquetry, and all that. The truth is, that the proper ground of complaint is principally on the other side. Men, somehow or other, appear to fancy that they have a right to their choice of women; and so they have. But women have also the right of rejection, if they choose to exercise it; or they would be in a bad box, indeed. Yet some very sensible men, in other respects, run away with the idea, that every rejection of their overtures, is "coquetry"—every refusal of a man, whom a women does not like, is "cruelty"—and every frank expression of dislike, or contradiction of a man's unwarranted inferences, is "inconstancy."

There are many Malvolios yet in the world—and these gentry seem to fancy that every woman who looks at them, is dead deep in love. They are so possessed with overweening vanity and satisfaction with self, that they cannot imagine the fact that they may pass a hundred women, and not be remembered, in the next moment, by any one of them. Of course, when the truth is forced upon them, that the women really do not care any thing about them, they must devise some story to heal their wounded pride. To admit that no affection or respect ever was entertained for them by the fair creatures, would not do. Thus comes the often paraded pretence, that this woman and that, has played the coquette; that she has reciprocated affection, and then turned, with "woman's inconstancy," into a hater.

When a woman really loves, she loves, in nine cases in ten, as long as she lives. Through good and evil report—for "better for worse" she abides by him to whom she has given her heart. She gives the whole, and without mental reservation. No cold calculations of policy, no concealed intentions of withdrawing her confidence, no self is interposed in the matter. There is no *bargain* about it; it is an unconditional surrender of herself, her hopes, her present, her future.

With men, the case is different. He enters upon a matrimonial engagement too often as he begins any other contract. He can break an engagement without breaking his heart, or interfering with his future prospects. He is more a free agent than woman, and can of course act by himself and for himself. It is unnecessary to go into the points of difference between the position of the sexes in society—they are well enough understood: and in the opinions we have advanced, we have but echoed those of all the women, and the thinking part of men.

HOW PETERSBURGERS MATE.

According to an ancient Petersburg, and a still more ancient Russian custom, which reminds one of the markets for young women in Hungary, all the tradesmen's grown up sons and daughters meet here on that day, the former to gaze, and the latter to be gazed at. The girls prank out in their finest clothes, are drawn up in a row along the parterres. Their mothers are stationed behind them. They have rummaged their own and their grandmothers' wardrobe for every thing showy and brilliant, to bedizen their daughters, attaching it to the hair, ears, and arms, round neck and waist, to fingers and feet, wherever there is a possibility of fastening it; and many are, in fact, so covered with gold and jewels that little, if any thing, of their natural charms is visible. It is related that on one occasion a mother, not knowing what more to add to the decoration of her daughter, fastened six dozen gilt tea-spoons to a gold chain and hung them in a double row about her neck, in addition to the pearl necklaces; and that she surrounded her waist in like manner with three dozen table-spoons and two large punch ladles placed crosswise before and behind. The young men, with their fathers in long kaftans of fine cloth, and their beards smartly curled, walk along the file of blushing, silent damsels, who, at the same time are desirous enough to please; and Cupid, who is sure to attend, points out to them the children of the Graces, but is prudent enough, before he speeds his arrow, to ascertain the genuineness of the gold and precious stones. The young men and the mothers and fathers here try to get up a conversation, in the course of which, glances and sentiments are interchanged. Eight days after this exhibition, a second meeting takes place, in which the affair is more pointedly discussed, and, by the aid of officious relatives and female go-betweens, all the preliminaries are settled; on which the company return home coupled and mated. Similar customs at marriages prevail among all the Sclavonic tribes. But it is extraordinary that, in gorgeous Petersburg, where a numerous portion of the public never fails to ridicule the practice, such a singularity should maintain its ground to the present day. It is only of late years that the custom has gradually declined; and if, on Whit Monday, many pretty girls and young men meet in the summer-garden, and many a match is begun there, still the whole proceeding is not so formal, stiff, and old fashioned as it was ten years ago.—*Kohl's Russia and the Russians in 1842.*

THE GOLD WATCH.

I have now in my hand a gold watch, which combines embellishment and utility in happy proportions, and is usually considered a very valuable appendage to the person of a gentleman. Its hands, face, chain and case are of chased and burnished gold. Its gold seals sparkle with the ruby, the topaz, the sapphire, the emerald. I open it, and find that the works, without which this elegantly chased case would be a mere shell, those hands motionless, and those figures without meaning, are made of brass. I investigate further, and ask, what is the spring by which all these are put in motion, made of? I am told it is made of steel. I ask what is steel? The reply is, that it is iron which is undergone a certain process. So then I find the main spring, without which the watch would be motionless, and its hands, figures and embellishments but toys, is not of gold—that is not sufficiently good; nor of brass, that would not do—but of iron. Iron is therefore the only precious metal; and this watch an apt emblem of society. Its hands and figures which tell the hour, resemble the master spirits of the age, to whose movements every eye is directed. Its useless, but sparkling seals, sapphires, rubies, topaz and embellishments are the aristocracy. Its works of brass the middle class, by the increasing intelligence and power of which the master spirits of the age are moved; and its iron main spring, shut up in a box always at work, but never thought of except when it is disordered, broke, or wants winding up, symbolically the laborious classes, which like the main spring we wind up by the payment of wages: and which classes are shut up in obscurity, and though constantly at work, and absolutely as necessary to the movement of society as the iron main spring is to the gold watch are never thought of except when they require their wages, or are in some want or disorder of some kind or other.—*Edward Everett.*

A WESTERN JUSTICE.

The most efficient use the old squire made of his judicial authority was upon the occasion of a fight between him and old Jack Crow, at a cotton picking. They were both then widowers, and rival suitors for the affections of the plump and saucy widow Jenkins. After picking of cotton was over, there was a fiddle and tin pan introduced, a tune struck up, and also a dance. The old squire was on the floor with the widow for a partner, and old Jack was in the circle that surrounded the dancers, looking on like a poor man at a frolic. The old squire in passing, purposely put his heel upon old Jack's toe. This he repeated several times, until old Jack insisted upon a fight, as a matter of redress. The old squire told him "agreed," and at it they went; but the old squire being the most active of the two, got the start of old Jack, and beat him a good deal before the old fellow could get under "headway;" but when old Jack did get himself in motion, he was about to prove too hard for the old squire, when, suddenly, he pushed old Jack away from him, and roared out in a commanding tone, "I command peace." Instantly old Jack stopped as if spell-bound. "If you say a word," said the old squire, "I will fine you ten dollars." They stood and gazed at each other for some time, like two tired chickens, until the old squire said, "at it again," and at it they went, the squire again getting the start, and beating old Jack almost in a mummy before he could get under way, and no sooner had old Jack obtained the advantage, than the old squire roared out again, "I command the peace," and instantly the fight ceased. It is almost useless to add, that the old squire took the widow's eye, and afterwards married her. Poor old Jack, he did not know what was once said by a member of the Missouri Legislature, "that even the Governor was no more in a *fight*, than any other man."

APHORISMS, &C.

He who thinks closest will speak freest. A deep thought will have a full utterance; it will not be clogged by the forms of speech, or hushed by the frowns of man.

What you keep by you, you may change and mend, but words once spoken can never be recalled. —*Roscommon.*

No man is free from fear: he is not who says he never feels it; he *fears* to be thought a coward; and whether he trembles before a sword or a supposition, it is alike *fear*.

Good hearts, accompanied with good understanding, seldom produce, even when mistaken, lasting evil. They repair and compensate.—*Dr. Knox.*

When all is done, human life is at the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.—*Sir W. Semple.*

Woman is by destination the elementary power of education. To her are entrusted all human capacities in the earliest life and development; and through the innate relations which unites maternal love and care with the heart of mankind her influence is immense, and quite decisive in the first direction of the child's abilities, either towards the good or the bad, towards truth or prejudice.

LAUGHABLE AFFAIR.

A good story is told of the Irishman who worked his passage on the canal by *walking* the route—a more laughable affair, however, occurred at the Natchez landing, not long since. A good-natured, simple-hearted Hoosier, with a bundle in his hand, strolled on board one of the wharf boats and enquired of our friend S., when his boat would start to Louisville—being somewhat of a quiz, saw the error, and indulging the joke by answering, "very shortly."

"Well, Captain, I want to work my passage:" "All right," was the reply—"Can you pump?" "First rate," said the Hoosier. "Lay to," said S., "here it is." The poor fellow laid down his bundle and went to work in dead earnest; he tugged unremittingly at the pump for a couple of hours—the sweat rolling in torrents from his hardy features—when, happening to cast his eye around, he observed that the boat had no machinery. "Halloo! Captain," exclaimed the Hoosier, "where's your *bilers*—where's your steam fixins!" S., in the mean time had stepped ashore and collected a crowd to witness the joke. The poor fellows' questions were answered by a loud laugh, which told—"I'm picked up stranger—but I'll bet I can knock down and drag out any man that says I'm a fool!"—*Concordia Intelligencer.*

Fair Dealing.—No discovery in relation to an intimate is more painful than that your confidence in him has been misplaced—that he has been converting your secrets, of which he was the repository, to the benefit of an enemy, or that he has misinformed and deceived you in relation to himself. All lasting and profitable social intercourse rests upon the basis of truth—and no other foundation will suffice. A false or indiscreet friend is worse than a declared enemy—for you are on your guard against the latter, while the specious dissimulation of the first disarms caution, and throws you completely in the power of his concealed malice or reckless carelessness.

Et tu Brute! spoke all the agony of deceived friendship. Although there might have been "Roman virtue" in the immolation of Cæsar by his friend, there was the absence of that for which no conventional creed of morals can find a substitute—the natural, honest virtue of sincerity. All the plaudits of partisans—all the varnish of cotemporary flatterers, could not, it seems to us, have erased from the mind's eye of the false friend the reproachful look of anguish of his dying victim. How cutting is the repeated sarcasm in the imputed speech of Anthony—

"And Brutus is an *honorable* man!"

The Olio.

A Mother in Israel.—The following is a copy of an inscription on a tomb-stone, in Litchfield, Conn:—

"Mary, wife of Deacon John Buel, Esq.
Died Nov. 4, 1768,
Aged 90.
She was the mother of
13 children,
101 grand children,
274 Gr. grand children,
22 Gr. Gr. grand children,
Total, 410—Of whom 336 survived her."

A Courtly Retort.—A certain lawyer, in one of the Western States, had a dog that was a great favorite, and was in the habit of attending Court with him. One day the dog took it into his head to ascend the bench, and annoyed the Judge very much by running between his legs. The Judge, in a great rage, gave him a violent kick that sent him yelping across the Court House. The lawyer much incensed at the unceremonious manner in which his favorite was treated, called to him, "Pomp, come here. There," said he "take that" giving him another kick, "did I not always tell you to keep out of bad company!"

TO A MISS NOT SO FAIR AS HER MAMMA.

You're very fair—so is the star—
That rises just before the moon—
Brighter than all the others are!
But doom'd to be forgotten soon;
For who observes a little star
When soars the moon—(that's your mamma!)
New Mirror.

The Wrong End of the Stick.—A gentleman outside the bar was once citing some cases in support of an argument in the Court of Exchequer, before the late Chief Baron O'Grady, (Lord Guillimore,) and perceiving a smile upon his countenance—his irony was perfection—became very indignant, and exclaimed, with some vehemence, "My Lord, this is not my law—it is the law of the great Lord Mansfield." "Oh, Misther ——," replied the Chief,—"Oh, Misther——, I'm not objecting to your law at all. It's all mighty good law, only it makes entirely against your client, Molly Mullowny."

We think we mentioned, sometime since, that a letter was received at the Pittsburg Post Office directed as follows:

"Swift as the mail pursue your route,
Nor stop or stay for any,
Until you reach Miss Catharine Trout,
In Pittsburg, Pennsylvania."

Some wag of an editor has since added the following lines:

"This pretty *Trout*, as we opine,
Is caught by him who *dropped that line*."

Epigram.—Serjeant C, was of a very rubicond countenance, and sometimes rather prolix in his arguments. On one occasion, when, in the full-dress costume of his court, he was delivering a very long speech, a wit by his side wrote this epigram:—

"The serjeant pleads with face on fire,
And all the court may rue it:
His purple garment come from Tyre,
His arguments go to it."

Sliding Scale of the Press.—Dr. H. called at the Times office to inquire the price of inserting the death of a relative. "Ten shillings," said a surly clerk. Dr. H. remonstrated, and said he had only paid seven for the last. "Oh," said the clerk, "that was a common death, but this is *sincerely regretted*." "Well, my friend," said the doctor, laying down the ten shillings, "your executors will never be put to that expense."

The Shrewd Reply.—The retort courteous was fully experienced by the celebrated counsellor, Jack Lee, on the northern circuit; for, being engaged in examining one Mary Pritchard, of Barnsley, he began with—"Well, Mary, if I may credit what I hear, I may venture to address you by the name of Black Moll." "Faith, may you, master lawyer," said she, "for I am always called so by the blackguards!"

The New Orleans Tropic relates the following military anecdote: "Fellow soldiers, none of you must leave the ground!" said Col. Oakley, at the parade, on Tuesday last. "Oh no, capting, I'm quite to *hum here*, and shall not leave the *ground*," exclaimed an unusually tall, fat Yankee, who lay at full length on the grass, sheltered by an umbrella, to protect him from the glittering rays of the sun.

"The girls in America," says Cobbett, "are beautiful and unaffected—perfectly frank, and at the same time perfectly modest; and when you make them an offer of your hand, be prepared to give it—for wait they will not. In England, we frequently hear of courtships of half a century; in this anti-Malthusian country, a quarter of a century is deemed to be rather lengthy."

Marrying a Second Time.—Were a man not to marry a second time, it might be concluded that his first wife had given him a disgust to marriage; but by taking a second wife, he pays the highest compliment to the first, by showing that she made him so happy as a married man that he wishes to be so a second time.

The History of a Day.—Every day 86,400 mortals die; some by violence, others of old age—some in battle or by shipwreck—some starved, and others murdered. In the course of one single day, how many brave ships go down at sea, and are never heard of more!

A Gentleman.—There have been various definitions of "a gentleman," but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a fair girl in New York the other day. "A gentleman," said she, is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

Laconic.—The Concord Freeman, speaking of a western steamboat which lately travelled from Memphis to Louisville—650 miles—in 36 hours, says—"Capital boat—quick traveller—blow up by and by."

Pert.—A widow said one day to her daughter—"When you are of my age, you will be dreaming of a husband." "Yes, mamma," replied the *thoughtless* little hussy, "*for the second time*."

"In all our undertakings we should have regard to three things: God's approbation, our own benefit, and the not harming our neighbor."

There is an odious spirit in many persons, who are more pleased to detect a fault than commend a virtue.

Advice, like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the heart.

A good name and a good heart are two of the best items going. Young men should remember this.

GRAHAM'S
MAGAZINE
OF LITERATURE AND ART.
NEW VOLUME. JULY, 1843.

EDITORS:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM AND RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

The second semi-annual volume of Graham's Magazine, for 1843, will commence with the July number. The Publisher and Editors, while expressing satisfaction of the extraordinary success with which their efforts to elevate the character of the periodical literature of the country have been crowned, respectfully offer a statement of their preparations for the Twenty-Third Volume. As is well known, no other magazine ever published in the English language, has presented such an array of illustrious contributors. ALLSTON, BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, HERBERT, GRATTAN, LONGFELLOW, PAULDING, WILLIS, WILDE, constitute, alone, a corps equal to any ever before engaged for a single work. An examination of our last volumes will show that these distinguished writers have all furnished for this miscellany, articles equal to the best they have given to the world. They, with our other old contributors, will continue to enrich our pages with their productions; and several eminent authors who have not hitherto appeared in our pages, among whom are FITZ-GREENE HALLECK, DR. BETHUNE, JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, JOSEPH C. NEAL, RALPH WALDO EMERSON, and others, will hereafter be added to the list. Of course, therefore, all attempts to compete with Graham's Magazine, in its literary character, will be unsuccessful. In every department the highest talent of the country will be enlisted and no effort spared to maintain its present reputation as the leading literary periodical of America. Articles will appear in the Twenty-Third Volume from each of the following distinguished writers:

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Fitz-Greene Halleck, Author of "Fanny," "Alnwick Castle," etc.
James Fenimore Cooper, Author of "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Pioneers," "Naval History," "Home as Found," "The American Democrat," etc.
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T. J. McLAIN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Warren, Ohio.—Will attend to all business in the line of his profession, in the county of Trumbull, or in any other county in North Eastern Ohio, which may be entrusted to his care.
Office at the Post Office. ap 15 3m

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 8, STATE STREET, BOSTON.

LAW NOTICE.—THE LEGAL BUSINESS of the subscribers in all the Courts—except the Criminal—will hereafter be transacted in the joint names of JOHNSON & GREEN.
Office, No. 44 SOUTH SIXTH street, opposite the Court House.
OVID F. JOHNSON,
ASHBEL GREEN, Jr.
A. G. Jr. has removed his Office, as *New Jersey Commissioner*, from No. 62 Walnut street, to the above. dec 10 tc

LEATHER STORE, No. 67 CHESNUT St. The subscribers have constantly on hand a general assortment of FINISHED LEATHER, suitable for Boot and Shoe Makers, Coach and Harness Makers, Saddlers, Book Binders, Hatters, &c.
ALSO—Sole Leather, Red and oak tanned.
nov 15 1y CHAMBERS & HENDRY.

STORMS AND FLOODS.
If, during the continuance of storms and Floods, the channels of
OUR MIGHTY RIVERS
become so obstructed as to afford an insufficient outlet for the superabundant waters, we can expect nothing less than that the surrounding country will be
OVERWHELMED WITH THE FLOOD.
In like manner with the human body—if the Skin, Kidneys and Bowels, (the natural outlets for
USELESS AND CORRUPT HUMORS)
become so obstructed as to fail in affording a full discharge of those impurities which are in all cases
THE CAUSE OF SICKNESS;
we surely can expect no other results than that the whole frame will sooner or later be
OVERWHELMED WITH DISEASE.
As to the first place, if we would prevent an inundation we must remove all obstructions, in order that there may be no hindrance to the free discharge of the superabundant waters. So, in the second place, if we would prevent and cure disease, we must open and keep open, all the Natural Drains of the body.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
Of the North American College of Health,
will be found one of the best if not the very
BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD
for carrying out this beautiful and simple theory; because they completely CLEANSE THE STOMACH & BOWELS FROM ALL BILIOUS HUMORS, and other impurity, and at the same time promote a healthy discharge from the Lungs, Skin, and Kidneys; consequently, as all the natural drains are opened, DISEASE
OF EVERY NAME IS LITERALLY
DRIVEN FROM THE BODY.
The following letters which have been received from gentlemen of the highest respectability will show conclusively that Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are a most
VALUABLE MEDICINE,
and their fame is rapidly extending to every part of the Union.
Extract of a letter from Lawrenceville, Monroe Co.,
ARKANSAS.
Lawrenceville, Monroe Co., Arkansas, Dec. 10, 1842.
Doct. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Having become acquainted with your most excellent PILLS (viz: INDIAN VEGETABLE) by experience, I take the liberty to write to you on the present occasion by way of suggesting the propriety of being constituted Agent for this State to dispose of them.
In 1841 I was prostrated with the congestive fever in East Florida, and often having been ill with the first attack and a severe relapse, I was necessitated to repair to New York for the recovery of my health, being much debilitated I tried different Physicians and as many medicines, but all to no purpose, I found my liver much affected and Dyspepsia setting in with its worst form; I began to think my case was hopeless. I concluded to resort to travelling; accordingly I left the city of Albany, New York, for Cincinnati, Ohio. On my way through New York State, I chanced to come across one of your Agents at Newark on the Erie Canal; I read one of your advertisements, purchased a box of Pills, and TO MY UTTER ASTONISHMENT FOUND MYSELF partially recovered; on my arrival at Buffalo I purchased some more of your Agent there,—at Cleaveland, Ohio, visited your Agent, the dry good merchant—talked with him and took several boxes: *I soon found myself a well man, and concluded to return to my profession, viz: A Travelling Methodist Preacher.*
I accordingly came on to St. Louis, and from there to Helena, Arkansas, where I joined the Arkansas Conference and assigned to Lawrenceville Mission on St. Francis and White Rivers, near the mouths of the same.
Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant, W. H. [illegible]

Tanner's Brook, N. J., Sept. 3d, 1841.
Doctor Wm. Wright—Dear Sir—Your travelling agent was here, a short time since, and left with me two dozen boxes of your INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, which I have already sold, although they had never been introduced in our neighborhood before. I at first prevailed on a friend of mine, who had been afflicted with the Dyspepsia and Rheumatism in the head, for the last two years, to make trial of them. He had previously tried various medicines, but never obtained any relief until he made use of your Indian Vegetable Pills. After using one box, he said he felt like a new man, and now, having used two more boxes, he considers himself a SOUND MAN.
Yours respectfully, &c. J. Ingersoll.

Frankfort, Ross Co., Ohio, Aug. 13, 1842.
Dear Sir—The Pills, that I purchased of you last April have sold far better than I anticipated. I think by the time I visit your city again which will be in a few months, I will have sold out entirely. They have not only effected cures in diseases that seemed to baffle the best medical skill in the country, but numerous individuals here bless the day that the undersigned introduced Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills into the neighborhood. I can get, if you think it necessary, several very valuable certificates of cures. One old lady in particular, who has been afflicted several years with consumption, commenced taking the Pills a short time since, and is now nearly restored to health. Several cases of Dyspepsia, have also been entirely cured by your TRULY EXCELLENT INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.
In order to give them a more general circulation, and thereby extend their usefulness, I have made arrangements with a gentleman in a neighboring town, who has promised to use his best efforts to promote their sale. You will therefore please send another supply, shipped to my address Chillicothe, care of Mr. Dixon Fullerton.
Faithfully, yours, W. J. F. Daily.
To Wm. Wright, V. P. of the N. A. Coll. of Health.
N. B.—The original letters from which the above has been copied, together with others of a similar character, may be seen by calling at the office and general depot, No. 169 RACE street. Those who honestly entertain any doubts as to the wonderful goodness of this singular medicine, are earnestly invited to come and read for themselves.
BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.
As the great popularity and consequent great demand for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills has raised up a host of counterfeiters, country agents and storekeepers will be on their guard against the many impostors who are travelling about the country selling to the unsuspecting a spurious article for the genuine.
It should be remembered that all the authorized agents are provided with a CERTIFICATE OF AGENCY, signed by William Wright, Vice President of the N. A. College of Health. Consequently, those who offer Indian Vegetable Pills and cannot show a certificate as above described, will be known as impostors.
The public are respectfully informed that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills made by one V. O. Falck, are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.
The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask for *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills*.
N. B.—The genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained from Mr. J. W. Ringler, grocer, Reading, Pa. and also at the offices devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILA.; No. 288 Greenwich street, New York; and No. 198 Tremont street, Boston. Also for sale by the Rev. Isaac P. Cook, No. 52 Baltimore street, Baltimore.
☞ *Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.* ap 29 3m

PLEASE READ THIS CIRCULAR.
T. GILBERT & CO.,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,
406 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON,
NEXT BUILDING NORTH OF WASHINGTON BANK.
THE senior partner in the above firm is, with a single exception, the oldest Piano Forte Manufacturer in Boston; and was one of the old firm of "Currier & Gilbert." The instruments, of various styles, bearing the names of, and manufactured by, "Currier & Gilbert, 393," "T. Gilbert," and "T. Gilbert & Co. 402 and 406 *Washington Street*," are now too well known throughout this country to need any commendation, further than to say, that the same T. Gilbert is still actively and constantly engaged in superintending the business, assisted by his partner, Henry Safford, who is also personally devoted to it. This, it is presumed, will be sufficient to secure the confidence of all their friends.
They have all the facilities for getting up their work in the best possible manner, and at the least possible expense at which first rate work can be done,—having connected with their manufactory a steam engine, to facilitate all those parts which can be done by the aid of machinery.
They also have every part of the work done at the above manufactory in the city, and under their own personal inspection, by experienced workmen only, as they employ no apprentices.
During the past year, they have made very important improvements in the Piano Forte, some of which they have patented. In the Horizontal or Square Piano Forte we have an improvement by means of which, with the use of a pedal the hammers are made to strike one or two strings, at the pleasure of the performer; thus combining the soft, sweet tones of the Unichord with the power of the Grand Piano Forte, without its inconvenience of size and shape. But having heard frequent complaints of the common Square Piano Forte, on account of its size, and objections to the Upright and Piccolo, for other reasons, and to obviate those objections, we have invented a new description, somewhat of the Piccolo form, embracing all of the above improvements, which, with seven octaves, occupies but about half as much room on the floor as the common Square, and having a very important improvement in the action, by which a single spring is made to answer the threefold purpose of pressing down the damper, and at the same time of bearing with equal force on the hammer and key, so as to cause their quick return after the blow is struck—thus making the action of the keys susceptible of the most rapid execution that any one can desire.
Lowest prices of the above, from $300 to $500. Common Square Piano Fortes, of various patterns, with all the other improvements, from $200 to $400.
In view of all these facts, and their own experience, together with the ample testimonials which they have from others, they have no hesitation in warranting their instruments to be as good as can be obtained at any other manufactory in the world; the purchasers themselves being judges.
They will in all cases exchange, at their own expense, and from any part of the country, all such instruments as are paid for on delivery, and have been selected by themselves, or refund the purchase money, at the option of the purchaser, at any time within six months of the time of sale, if the instrument shall not prove entirely satisfactory.
In order to secure a cash business, they would further say to their customers, that they will now sell at retail, where the cash accompanies the order, or is paid on delivery of the instrument from their shop, at *Twenty-Five per cent.* below their former wareroom prices, while between cash down and credit they will make more difference than formerly.
Persons ordering Piano-Fortes, of any description, and sending from $200 to $500 with the order, may rest assured that in all respects they shall have as good an instrument for the money they send, as if they apply in person, or employ an agent to select for them.
The subscribers hereby request all persons who may favor us with their orders, on the foregoing terms, to expose publicly every apparent intentional neglect or failure on our part to fulfil them to the very letter. And we further engage to pay ourselves, all the necessary expense for giving publicity to each case of such neglect or failure, in at least one public newspaper—such as the dissatisfied party may select.
And in order to satisfy all who may wish to purchase of us, of our entire responsibility and correct business habits, we invite them to write us for reference, and we will give them such as may be required.
Thus throwing ourselves upon the public, we solicit their patronage. T. GILBERT & CO.
Boston, Feb. 3, 1843. may 13 eow 3m

THE UNITED STATES JOB PRINTING office, Ledger Building, Southwest corner of THIRD and CHESNUT streets, Philadelphia, is supplied with the most extensive and valuable variety of all kinds of
JOB TYPE, MACHINE PRESSES, AND PRINTING MATERIALS GENERALLY,
Which could be selected in this country, and it is prepared to execute all orders for
FINE LETTER PRESS PRINTING,
OF EVERY VARIETY, SUCH AS
BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, HANDBILLS, BILLS OF LADING, BILL HEADS, BANK CHECKS, CIRCULARS, CARDS, POLICIES, BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, RAIL ROAD, STAGE, AND STEAMBOAT BILLS OF EVERY VARIETY, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS, etc. etc. etc.
There is constantly adding to its stock, at whatever expense, all the specimens and beauties of the
AMERICAN FOUNDRIES,
and no pains is spared to please, both in quality and price, all who may favor it with their orders.
THE TERMS ARE CASH.
And a distinctive feature in its mode of doing business which is the only ground upon which it expects to be favored, is, that of studying the interest of the customer. From the superiority of their materials, and their improved facilities in machines, power-presses, &c., they are confident of their ability to execute printing of every kind quicker, neater, and cheaper, than it can be done at any other establishment in the country. Orders from every part of the Union promptly fulfilled.
Dickson's Improved Rotary Card Press having been added to the office, is now in active operation. Cards and Letter-sheet Jobs can therefore be thrown off at the rate of THOUSANDS OF IMPRESSIONS PER HOUR.
Office, S. W. corner of THIRD and CHESNUT Streets, Philadelphia. may 13 1m